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CHRONICLE.

The Queen.

HER MAJESTY, at Windsor, yesterday week, reviewed the Berkshire and Middlesex Yeomanry, who had been encamped in the Park for some days before.

On Monday HER MAJESTY travelled from Windsor to Manchester, where she formally opened the Ship Canal, on her way to Scotland, afterwards proceeding to Balmoral. Four knighthoods were conferred on the occasion.

Other honours have been announced during the week, including the knighting (or perhaps we should say "niting") of Mr. ISAAC PITMAN, the veteran stenographer and sufferer from heterographic mania. A different, and more interesting, knighthood was conferred on the Duke of YORK on Tuesday, in the shape of the Order of the Golden Fleece, the most distinguished of European orders next to the Garter.

HER MAJESTY's birthday was celebrated in most places on the proper day—Thursday; though, as usual, some parts of the celebration in London were postponed till to-day. Among "birthday honours," an earldom for Lord TWEEDMOUTH was mentioned; for, strange to say, the contempt of Gladstonians for the peerage does not prevent them from taking it or aspiring to promotions in it.

The House of Commons, meeting again on Monday, was chiefly busy with the Estimates, on which the usual salmagundi of subjects was served up, including public buildings, the University of London, the Royal Academy, and the Ordnance Survey.

Tuesday was, after Sir EDWARD GREY had grudgingly confessed the important Anglo-Belgian agreement, chiefly devoted to the Scotch Local Government Bill, which after debate was read a second time. But the Closure had to be applied to choke Dr. MACGREGOR, who was not pleased with that which so doth please Mr. MORLEY, his part-chief. There was no interest in the proceedings except to those locally concerned.

Wednesday afternoon was occupied by the Committee stage of divers Private Bills, especially one for improving the laws against Cruelty to Children.

Matters were somewhat livelier on Thursday, but a great rumoured attack on the Budget by means of instructions to split it miscarried, the Unionists not coming up to time, and the Government saved itself

by forty—a number which was even increased later, though later still it dropped. The truth is that the whole Parliamentary situation is unreal and unwholesome. Some interest had attached earlier to the explanations of Mr. MUNDELLA; little to those of Mr. STOREY in reference to his "breaking his pair" with Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. An Irish Education Amending Act was brought in.

Politics out of Parliament. In Dublin last Friday week Mr. MORLEY received a deputation, headed by the LORD MAYOR, in reference to shortening the time of mail communication between that city and London, and promised attention thereto.

On Monday morning a letter from Mr. GLADSTONE to a Roman prelate of the name of FARABULINI was published, lamenting the wicked conduct of the Parnellites, and declaring that Mr. GLADSTONE was sure the POPE agreed with him about Home Rule. What the opinion, founded on solid evidence obtained for himself at first hand, of LEO XIII. on that question was we know. And his recent attempt to serve Mammon in France has not brought him such profit as to warrant a change in Ireland. A Unionist demonstration had been held in Dublin, and in County Limerick Mr. DILLON had presided over a meeting held to denounce a "land-grabber." If that land-grabber comes to harm, we shall, of course, be told that Mr. DILLON is perfectly guiltless. Meanwhile it is interesting to note Mr. DILLON's opinion as to the results of a General Election, which he holds will bring Mr. BALFOUR back with a majority of one hundred. And we are told that the House of Lords is resisting the will of the people!

Mr. MORLEY spoke at Newcastle on Monday, and endeavoured to defend at once the fulness of the Ministerial programme and the consequent impossibility of giving precedence to particular measures. "Don't turn us out; don't be angry with us; only be angry with that wicked House of Lords," was Mr. MORLEY's exceeding bitter cry; and it was difficult not to connect it with the uncomfortable frankness of the other "Honest JOHN" noticed above in reference to a General Election and a Unionist majority one hundred strong. But Mr. MORLEY was a little comforted by the hope of Closure "once, or it might be twice, a day." Why not Closure the whole programme through together, and once for all?

It was announced on Wednesday morning that Mr.

BRYCE was to succeed Mr. MUNDELLA at the Board of Trade, and that Lord TWEEDMOUTH, after his weary weeks of idleness, was to become Chancellor of the Duchy. Young Wales was "going it" under the chairmanship of the mighty Mr. GEE at Denbigh, who distinguished himself by saying that Disestablishment was an object "on which the hearts of nearly all Welshmen were set." We knew before that Mr. GEE, like another great man, did not stick at trifles; but this is a "record." A stroke of Mr. GEE's tongue obliterates the seventy or eighty thousand voters (not taking account of constituencies in which there was no contest) who voted practically against Disestablishment at the last election, and each of whom probably represents about ten other Welsh souls who have no votes.

Lord ROSEBURY's expected speech at Birmingham, though it was doubtless amusing to listen to, was a little disappointing to read. For it came to nothing more than an elaborate expression of opinion on the personal and political characteristics of the Right Honourable JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. The word is now with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and we do not suppose that he will have the least difficulty in uttering it. A Prime Minister who, for instance, says that he personally approves of an Established Church, but that if any lion has a vote, why *Christianos ad leones*, presents handles to less skilful operators than the member for Birmingham. But is this pot-and-kettle business statesmanship? The Eighty Club entertained Mr. PICKARD on Wednesday, and Sir WILFRID LAWSON drank (we beg pardon—wished) the "overthrow of lords, landlords, bishops, and brewers." Suppose we add to the toast "Temperance and Labour agitators, and all other tyrants throughout the world"?

In a shorter speech on Thursday Lord ROSEBURY formally took the oath to Home Rule, but said that as to the House of Lords the country must speak. Mr. GLADSTONE underwent an operation for cataract on the same day, with, it is said, very favourable results.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The ill-feeling between the British and other delegates at the Berlin Miners' Congress reached a climax yesterday week, when divers "scenes" occurred. Nor is it difficult to understand this, when it is known that, as the voting was in virtue of the number of miners represented, the British contingent, though, of course, numerically in the minority, practically "had the meeting in its pocket" on an actual division. Even if Englishmen were less unpopular than they are everywhere, from Tobolsk to Tangier, such a situation would be trying to less touchy tempers than those of French and German Socialists. Other news was slight.

On Monday it was announced that the English delegates, as a body, had left Berlin, but that Messrs. JOHNSON and BAILEY remained to see the Conference out. Either the presence of Mr. BAILEY (who, if he be the same who was insolent to Lord SHAND, was naturally *persona grata* to Continental Anarchists) or the absence of his colleagues soothed the Continentals, and the whole dissembly disappeared in peace and amity. The French Chamber had rejected both the abolition of capital punishment and the abolition of public executions. There were disquieting rumours from Serbia as to a possible *coup d'état*, and from Russia as to new secret societies. The British Minister at Rio had been instructed to look after the interests of Portuguese subjects. This is just as it should be; for a friendship founded in port wine, and of two centuries' standing, is far too good to give up for misunderstandings on the Zambesi.

The anticipations chronicled above in reference to Serbia came true within a few hours after they were set down, and King ALEXANDER (*i.e.* King MILAN) made the "blow of State" by suspending the existing Con-

stitution, and reverting to that of 1869, which involves open voting, a restricted franchise, and the nomination of a third of the Skuptchina. There seemed to have been no disturbance. The world was rid of divers scoundrels by the guillotining of HENRY in Paris and the shooting of the Barcelona Anarchists in Spain. The Lower House of the Hungarian Diet was sending the Civil Marriage Bill back to the Magnates; for legislative shuttlecock is fettered by no base restriction of Sessions in Magyarland. There was an enigmatic telegram about commandeering from Pretoria.

The most important item of foreign news on Wednesday morning by far to England, and probably the most really important intrinsically, was the news of the Anglo-Belgian Agreement in Africa, which we discuss elsewhere. But a vain people probably thought more of the downfall of the thirty-second Ministry of the Third French Republic, which, after presenting for no less than five whole months a spectacle which cheered the hearts of the lovers of democracy and Republican institutions all over the world, fell utterly and hopelessly before two votes of want of confidence. The subject was nominally the treatment of State railway servants, but it is said to have been really connected with the Government *volte-face* in regard to the POPE, which has offended everybody. Serbia was quiet, and Austria and Russia were said to have agreed to keep hands off or lay them on in concert.

As was expected, the French were terribly bitter about the Anglo-Belgian Agreement on Thursday morning. Their crisis was still unsettled, and not even in sight of settlement. The Belgian Chamber had rejected a scheme of Proportional Representation. The reports of revolutionary trouble in Russia were confirmed. In Argentina the Public Prosecutor, rather contrary to expectation, had pronounced in favour of the extradition of Mr. JABEZ BALFOUR.

The details of the settlement of Matabele- and Mashonaland—under the Company, but with tolerably close Imperial supervision—were published yesterday morning, and perhaps formed the most important part of its foreign and colonial news. Some grumbles from Germany were added to the frowns of France, in reference to the Anglo-Belgian Agreement; but the "colonial men" in neither country are of much weight. There was little else of interest.

India. A severe snub has been inflicted on the scheme of simultaneous examinations for the Indian Civil Service advocated by that exceedingly odd trinity, Mr. PAUL, Mr. NAOROJI, and Sir WILLIAM WEDDERBURN; a Blue-book having been issued in which the Indian Government sets forth, and the Home Government generally approves, the reasons for considering any change mischievous and impracticable.

Meetings. Lord ROBERTS presided at Exeter Hall Dinners, &c. yesterday week over the annual meeting of the Boys' Brigade.

This day week the Royal Family were very active in discharging the *corvées* incident to their position. The Duke of YORK opened the new Richmond lock and footbridge, which it is hoped will make the bed of the Thames at low water a somewhat less forlorn spectacle; the Princess LOUISE performed the same kind office for the Hampstead Art Society's Exhibition; and the Duke of CAMBRIDGE presided at the Charing Cross Hospital dinner.

On Monday the PRINCE OF WALES was present at the dedication of a new chapel at the Gordon Boys' Home, and spoke at luncheon afterwards. The Duke of YORK was, on the same day, elected Elder Brother and Master of the Trinity House. Sir ALBERT ROLLIT presided and spoke at the thirteenth annual meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce.

The dinner to Admiral ERBEN and the officers of the

Chicago came off on Thursday, under the presidency of Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, with great success.

The Welsh Church. It was stated, this day week, that the Bishop of WORCESTER had not failed to sign the Manifesto of the Archbishops and Bishops on this subject because of any difference of opinion on the rights of the matter, but only "because he does not believe that the attack is seriously meant." Dr. PEROWNE is, apparently, rather hard to convince. If he saw a gang of persons, with blackened faces and jemmies sticking out of their pockets, advancing to the windows of Hartlebury, would he wait to send for the police till he saw them actually packing up his plate?

Correspondence. A very amusing letter appeared from Mr. CHARLES HARRISON, on Monday, protesting that the L.C.C. never wanted to "destroy" the Corporation. So too, no doubt, did the immortal tiger, when he came back from the ride with the lady inside, murmur "Destroy you, love! I've only incorporated you!"

Letters on the Welsh Church appeared, on Tuesday, from Lord SELBORNE and others.

On Wednesday Dr. DUPRE called attention to a very curious instance of spontaneous combustion on the part of a lamp-shade.

A letter from the Dean of Christ Church, published by Lord ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL on Thursday morning, confirms the fear that that House is not governed "with brains, Sir!" It is, no doubt, very bad taste—and we may add that even in pretty lively colleges it used to be distinctly against Oxford tradition—for "strangers" to take part in College rows. And there can be no harm in a mild reminder, such as "gating," to in-college men that they should be more careful in their choice of friends. But to send down admittedly guiltless hosts because of the misdoings of guests seems to us, we confess, perfectly monstrous.

The Law Courts. On Tuesday the enormous Cork "card case" came to an end with a verdict that the libel was not true, but at the same time not malicious. Judgment was then entered for the defendant; but Mr. PIKE has cleared himself.

The Lion and the Lady case was decided on appeal against the king of beasts by Mr. Justice CAVE and Mr. Justice WRIGHT. The latter, indeed, admitted that a lion is a domestic animal *in potentia*; but even the strikingly apposite instances of COWPER's hares and a linnet in a cage failed to convince the judges that he is one *in esse*.

The Cab Strike. The London Cab Strike complicated itself this day week with a movement against "privileged" cabs at railway-stations—this only indirectly concerns the public interest, though, if the railway Companies stood out on a small and unimportant point, it might interfere with the public convenience a little. And, in any case, the non-privileged cabs would stand as they do now, just outside.

On Monday the cab-masters addressed what seems a reasonable petition to the HOME SECRETARY for more protection against the violence of the picketers. One of these latter had the impudence to charge an owner-driver (who was driving his own cab without a label, and whom he, the so-called "complainant," had assaulted) for cutting the assailant's head open with his whip. "The magistrate said the man was justified in protecting himself, and dismissed the case." For there is still a little law, even in "democratic" England.

On Tuesday Mr. DE RUTZEN did his duty by fining two cabmen who had assaulted a "blackleg" ten pounds each, or six weeks; and intimating that in future there would be no money alternative.

Mr. HANNAY followed this good example on Wednesday,

and it is said that the "blackleg-bashers" were a good deal discouraged thereby.

Yesterday several of the large owners were to make an effort to start their cabs again; while others, it is said, have agreed to give up a business which is pretty clearly overstocked. But it remains to be seen how this will go.

Games. Mr. COHEN beat the SOLICITOR-GENERAL at tennis by two sets to one yesterday week, and Sandhurst got the better of Woolwich in the annual athletic sports by six wins to three.

Racing. The Manchester Cup yesterday week provided a good field, a good race, and a dead head between Shancrotha and Red Ensign, who divided, the third and fourth being also very close up.

The valuable Grand Produce Stakes at Longchamps on Sunday made a good race between Baron SCHICKLER's Ravioli and M. BLANC's Gouvernail. The latter, which is in the Derby, won, but with a good deal of luck.

The chief thing noticeable on the first day of the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting was the recovery of La Sagesse, Sir J. MILNER's two-year-old, from her form at Manchester (where she had done very badly), in the Breeders' Stakes, which she won easily.

There was very little doubt that Ladas would win the valuable Newmarket Stakes easily on Wednesday, and he did so, his second being, not Glare, who could only get third, but St. Florian.

Cricket. Yesterday week Surrey made an example of Gloucestershire, who not only failed to stand up to RICHARDSON and SMITH, but could not get the Surrey men out till they had made 386, to which BROCKWELL'S 107 was the largest single contribution. This number was sufficient to win by an innings and 200 to spare. A very close and interesting match at Brighton, between Sussex and Somerset, ended in favour of the Western county by one wicket. Derbyshire kept up the well-doing of the newly promoted counties by beating M.C.C. by seven wickets, as did Leicestershire by getting the better of Yorkshire with 47 runs in hand. The last result was chiefly due to the very fine 92 of Mr. DE TRAFFORD'S, his second good innings already. Meanwhile, very heavy scoring was taking place at Cambridge, in a match between the University and Mr. WEBBE'S eleven, for which latter Lord HAWKE made, in his second innings, no less than 157.

This heavy scoring continued on Saturday, and, though Cambridge could not make the four or five hundred runs required to save the match, which they actually lost by a little over two hundred, nearly eleven hundred were registered in the four innings—a large total even on a ground famous for run-getting. A very good match between Kent and Lancashire ended in the victory (by three wickets) of Kent, who had gone in a second time with no less than 225 to make. Mr. MARCHANT with 72 and ALEC HEARNE with 60 did most of this; but the top score of the match was on the losing side, and had been made for Lancashire by A. WARD.

After these matches the championship counting began. We have pointed out more than once the anomalies in this system; but the present season has added more glaring absurdities than ever. For, as the new first-class counties had not arranged matches with all the others, they do not count; and so, while Warwickshire had won all its three matches against the privileged elevens, and no other county had won more than two, Warwickshire, despite its first class, was out of the competition, which one of the counties it has beaten headed!

The first batch of cricket for the present week opened with a good deal of interest. In the return match between Warwickshire and Notts the more famous county achieved a first innings of 238, but this was mainly owing to a very fine 106 from the captain,

Mr. DIXON, and WHITEHEAD continued his excellent bowling record for Warwickshire by taking eight wickets for 95. In M.C.C. v. Kent the Club not merely got the county out for 67, but, thanks to the brilliant batting of Mr. STODDART, Lord HAWKE, Mr. DE TRAFFORD, and Mr. KEY, made 247 for five wickets only. A very level beginning was made by Cambridge and Yorkshire with 155 to 147, nearly half the University runs being credited to Mr. MITCHELL; and the first important outside match of Oxford resulted in a very good score—234, including 78 from Mr. PHILLIPS—against a very strong team of Mr. WEBBE'S, including as bowlers not merely Mr. KORTRIGHT the at times unplayable, but Messrs. WOODS, FERRIS, and JACKSON.

The rainier weather of Tuesday was not without effect. It hastened the fate of Kent, who, though the M.C.C. tail was rapidly got out, could themselves make but 62 in their second innings, and were thus beaten by an innings and 132, J. T. HEARNE having taken fourteen wickets for 66. No other match was finished, but Mr. MITCHELL, the Cambridge freshman, made another fine score of 92. Mr. FORBES, the Eton newcomer at Oxford, bowled very well against Mr. WEBBE'S team (for whom, however, Mr. HEWETT made 110), and QUAIPE, LAW, and Mr. DOCKER scored freely for Warwickshire. A match was begun at Sheffield Park between an eleven of Lord SHEFFIELD'S and a South African team which is visiting England.

Still worse weather on Wednesday prevented any further play in the Oxford match, and deprived Warwickshire of a pretty certain fourth victory in as many matches. Cambridge, however, declaring its innings closed at the seventh wicket, got Yorkshire (who, it should be said, were playing a man short throughout the match) out in time, and won by 120 runs, Mr. MITCHELL topping his first-rate batting with some good bowling. The South Africans were pretty heavily beaten.

Miscellaneous. Some interesting and successful experiments were made near Newhaven this day week, on the Brighton railway, with an armoured train belonging to the Sussex Volunteer Artillery.

The bullet-proof coat was successfully tried on Wednesday before the Duke of CAMBRIDGE and many officers of both services. On that day news came of a mail-steamer Atlantic race, with crossing of bows, &c., which should, we think, have attention from the POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Obituary. Mr. EDMUND YATES was a man of remarkable ability in various kinds, and of real good nature; while the publication of his *Recollections* some years ago showed that the feelings aroused by some points in his principles and practice as a journalist were to him a matter of genuine and incredulous astonishment. In the too famous Garrick Club case he was certainly sinned against, if also sinning, and here again the same book showed that he did not fully understand the gravamen of the charge against him.—Mr. KINSMAN, of Tintagel, was a West-country clergyman of great age, well known himself, and the friend of men better known still; while the death of Mr. THOMAS STEVENSON, an Edinburgh publisher and antiquary, broke one more of the fast disappearing links between this day and SCOTT'S.—The death of Major FAIRTLOUGH, R.A., who commanded the recent operations on the Gambia, coming as it does so soon after that of Colonel ELLIS, who had commanded those at the back of Sierra Leone, is a fresh illustration of the dangers of the worst climate in the world.—Mr. G. J. ROMANES was a man of considerable means, of many friends, and of much devotion to scientific subjects which interested him. His unfriends said that he was a man of letters among men of science, and a man of science among men of letters; but this is the doom of the

wealthy amateur.—Mme. RENAN (who was not, as has often been said, the daughter, but the niece, of ARY SCHEFFER) had been a most effectual helpmate to her husband in matters literary, and was very popular in society.

Books, &c. Some good books have appeared this week, such as the late Mr. TORRENS'S *History of Cabinets* (ALLEN); the *Speeches* of the late Lord DERBY, with a prefatory memoir by Mr. LECKY (LONGMANS); a very valuable edition of LOCKE'S *Essay*, by Dr. A. C. FRASER (Clarendon Press); and the second volume of the extremely useful publications of the Irish Unionist Alliance. An announcement has been made, and a prospectus issued, of a very handsome uniform edition of the works of Mr. R. L. STEVENSON; to be printed by Messrs. CONSTABLE, and issued by Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS. The first volume will appear in the autumn, and, as the edition is to be limited, it will be desirable to "speak at once."

THE ANGLO-BELGIAN AGREEMENT.

IF Mr. LABOUCHERE had called the news to which Sir EDWARD GREY did little more than allude on Tuesday, and which was published without much detail in the papers of Wednesday, "serious"—if he had even gone so far as "startling"—we should have been not far from agreeing with him. It has been known for some time that negotiations have been going on with the King of the BELGIANS in reference to the territories north and east of the already settled boundary of the Congo State, and we pointed out last week the necessity and advantage of conciliating him. But we confess that we were not prepared for such an enormous concession as, at any rate at first sight, Lord ROSEBURY appears to have made to King LEOPOLD'S African earth-hunger. We say "at first sight," and this is important; for, as will be seen, the matter bears a rather better face when examined. At the first blush it may appear that Great Britain gives or "leases," as the phrase is, half the Central Soudan to Belgium at rather less than a peppercorn rent, the only consideration being a strip of territory fifteen miles wide between Lakes Tanganyika and Albert Edward, which is counter-"leased" by Belgium to England. According to the *Indépendance Belge*, the huge and important territory of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, with precincts and dependencies extending it to the whole square of the map between lat. 4° and 10° North, long. 25° and 30° East, is not merely "leased," but ceded. This does not seem to be quite the case from the Parliamentary paper issued; but there is no doubt that a very large part of this square has been added to the State. And the "lease" would appear to cover not merely part of the Western shore of the Albert Nyanza, but to some extent, at any rate, the Western bank of the Nile as far as Fashoda. Further, the KING is to have the important privilege of recruiting troops in our West African colonies.

This may seem an enormous price to pay for the concession—more important, it is true, in reality than in appearance—of the strip necessary to complete "St. George's Road" from Alexandria to Cape Town. We think that it is rather too much, and that, if the permanent additions to the State have been made without some understood equivalent in reference to the French claims of succession and pre-emption, it ought to be sharply criticized in Parliament. But if this has been done, the agreement wears a considerably better face—at least, when we consider, as Lord ROSEBURY has no doubt considered, the metal of the party with which he has to work. In the first place, the territory relinquished on lease is a territory exceedingly difficult for white men to do

anything with. The Bahr-el-Ghazal itself, as readers of the experiences of GORDON and GESSI know, has a pleasing habit of becoming, in the wet season, something like the fens before VERMUYDEN tackled them—a vast lake or morass, with a few islands here and there. It belongs properly enough to that central tropical region of Africa from which, rightly or wrongly, we have in our recent African arrangements abstained. Secondly, the arrangement leaves entirely untouched the Northern zone of *ci-devant* sultanates or territories, Kordofan, Darfur, and so on Tchadwards, which were partly under Egyptian control, and which offer a habitable climate and practicable prospects. Thirdly, in regard to the “leased” territories, it will be observed that there is here no question of abandoning sovereignty, but, on the contrary, a distinct assertion of it. The arrangement checkmates the Obock-Tchad scheme of French projectors nearly as well as if Colonel COLVILLE had been ordered to occupy the Bahr-el-Ghazal itself. We are still anxious to hear, more definitely than the papers explain, or than Sir EDWARD GREY could or would answer, what is the position of the actual Nile banks. We do not think that any hold on either of them, even by lease, ought to be allowed to any other country to any greater extent than a way-leave. But it is fair to confess that, from the termination of the EMIN Pasha expedition, it has been obvious to all students of African geography that the King of the BELGIANS was master of the situation in reference to the interval between Tanganyika and the Albert Edward. He was by previous agreement the “man in possession,” and, if you want to get the man in possession out, you have to pay.

On the whole, therefore, we are not greatly discontented with the bargain. It gives up (unless we have been too favourable to Lord ROSEBERRY in reference to the Nile banks) nothing that we actually hold, and no claim that is indispensable to us. It asserts, by the mere fact of giving, a claim on much, and it makes the acquisition of what is really important to us easier. But it wants a good deal of explanation in detail; and the fact that it has been, as we have said, in a manner necessitated by the misconduct of Lord ROSEBERRY's own party and the indifference of some who do not belong thereto is disagreeable enough. Meanwhile it is interesting to hear the French shrieks; which are the strongest testimony to the propriety and profit of his arrangement that Lord ROSEBERRY could possibly covet.

LORD ROSEBERRY AT BIRMINGHAM.

AMONG the many disparaging things which have been said of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN by that worst kind of political enemy who is made out of a political friend, we do not know that any one has ever accused him of being unable to “take his own part.” We feel sure, therefore, that Lord ROSEBERRY has not attacked him at Birmingham under the delusion that he is unlikely to “hit back.” Hence we can give the PRIME MINISTER full credit for the courage—as we gladly seize this opportunity of describing what in a short time we may have to speak of compassionately as fatal rashness—which he displayed last Tuesday night. It is true that, apart from its controversial risks, there was nothing very remarkable in the performance. It even occurs to us that we have seen something like it before. We seem to have some recollection of other speakers—older Parliamentary hands than Lord ROSEBERRY—having devoted their best energies at various times to the task of convicting Mr. CHAMBERLAIN of political inconsistency out of his own mouth, and by extensive quotation from his own speech; but what we do not recollect is that any of them ever took much by their action. However, Lord ROSEBERRY has a perfect right to adventure himself in the same undertaking; and we can even applaud his

spirit in doing so in such a way and place as to make it impossible for his formidable opponent to disregard the challenge. Still, though it is both magnificent, and, in a certain sense, war, it is not exactly the sort of war in which a Prime Minister is expected, least of all at this particular juncture of politics, to engage. The public, we think, will be of opinion that, with his party in a state of utter disorganization, and Parliament in a condition bordering on paralysis, he might be better employed than in pelting Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with extracts from HANSARD and cuttings from newspaper reports of ancient platform speeches.

We may admit, however, that when Lord ROSEBERRY did condescend to deal with the existing situation, both on Wednesday and Thursday, the mode in which he felt compelled to handle it was such as completely to explain his reluctance to approach the subject. For anything more discouraging than his account of matters, or more damaging than his explanation of the pass to which they have come, it would have been difficult for his severest critic to have supplied. Its candour would be beyond praise did not its very indiscretion suggest that it was partially unconscious. The PRIME MINISTER, indeed, went out of his way to invent a trenchant anti-Ministerial epigram, to put it in the mouths of his opponents, and then to admit that it is not only trenchant but true. Hostile critics, he remarked, might say, in explanation of the plight in which Ministers find themselves, that “our policy was too large and our majority too small; and “I do not say that that is at all an unfair criticism.” But if the criticism is not unfair—which means, we presume, that the charge of having launched a programme too large for their majority cannot be traversed, but must be “confessed and avoided”—what is the plea in confession and avoidance on which Lord ROSEBERRY relies? Why, apparently upon the plea that Mr. GLADSTONE's Government were bound to include as much of the Newcastle Programme in their QUEEN'S Speech of 1893 as they could possibly cram into it, in order to be provided against the accident of a defeat and enforced appeal to the constituencies on the Home Rule Bill. If in January 1893 they had only said to Parliament, “We lay before you our programme of what “is practicable in this Session besides the Bill for Home “Rule,” that, says Lord ROSEBERRY with adorable *naïveté*, “would have been but a small programme”; and since, as between a practicable programme which was open to the fatal objection of being small, and a nice-sized programme open only to the trivial objection of being impracticable, the choice was obvious, the undertakings of the Government naturally enlarged themselves to meet the occasion. Ministers resolved, “in view of “possible disaster, to lay before Parliament the main “programme of all that we were prepared, if strength “were given us, to carry into effect.”

The disastrous candour of this Ministerial apology—which Mr. GLADSTONE, we may be sure, would never have allowed to go forth unswathed in the ninefold Stygian involutism of his obscurest verbiage—is not its only weak point. It might have been good enough to deceive the very unwary a year ago; but subsequent events have already discredited it. The complaint against the Government was, and still is, that they have persistently endeavoured to palm off upon their credulous followers what Lord ROSEBERRY is now pleased to call a “programme of what we were prepared “to carry into effect if strength were given us,” as a programme of what they are actually prepared and pledge themselves to carry into effect, *hic et nunc*, the requisite strength having been, in fact, given to them, and their determination to use it for that purpose being inalienably fixed. By dint, and by dint alone, of this imposture—for without it they could not have retained office for three months—they have

managed to prolong an official existence discreditable to themselves, useless to the country, and scandalous to public morality for nearly two years; and that the same unedifying arts are still the very breath of their nostrils stands proved by the fact that, in this very speech of his, the PRIME MINISTER has found himself compelled to pacify Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and his friends with the utterly preposterous pledge to pass a Welsh Disestablishment Bill through the House of Commons "before we meet the country."

THACKERAY AND IRISH MINSTRELSY.

WHEN Ireland has entirely come to her own again, her clergy should establish a yearly day of commination and cursing against the memory of WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. That "odious sneering beast" crawled, like the serpent, into the Green Paradise of the Celt, whence ST. PATRICK long ago banished all the other vermin. The trail of him is over it all, and the "Sacsanach churl" (DAVIS) can hardly see the flowers for the trail.

The blossoms of national and patriotic Irish minstrelsy are those on which the reptile chiefly joyed to vent his venom. Thus, when the Sacsanach churl hears the praises of "Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?" it is not a field of the dead that rushes red on his sight—no, alas! he sees The MULLIGAN putting the *comether* on Miss FANNY PERKINS; he observes the trembling maiden, *hinnuleo similis*, shrinking from these awful blandishments. This is manifestly and malignantly unfair to the author of "Who fears," &c., and to the nation, then engaged, as it appears, in a gallant and patriotic rally. Let us imagine that, in place of the The MULLIGAN, THACKERAY had given us The MACTAVISH—had introduced him, all plaided and plumed in his tartan array, to the daughter of the PERKINS, and had made him ask for "Over the water and over the sea, and 'over the water to CHARLIE.'" In that case our associations with the Caledonian melody, too, might be comic instead of tenderly respectful. But in this matter, perhaps, there was an earlier and stronger counterspell at work which did not exist in the affair of The MULLIGAN, and "the harp that weeps melodiously."

A Sacsanach churl may be a person of fair, though limited, understanding; and we will endeavour to clear the flowers of song from the trail of the serpent (W. M. T.) For this purpose he turns to the poems of THOMAS DAVIS, M.R.I.A. (Dublin: DUFFY. 1876. With a harp rampant on a field *vert*, and a tressure of shamrocks). The powers of Mr. DAVIS, says his biographer, "were like the nucleus of an embryo star, uncompresssed, unpurified, flickering, and indistinct," till "the outbreak of his poetical power began in this wise." The *Nation* was started in 1842, and "had 'but scanty support in the poetical department.'" The staff was like an eleven with no bowler. So the editor bade Mr. DAVIS "go on" with ballads. "Real 'living poetry' (like slows) 'was worth a trial,' nobody could bowl it; 'thereupon DAVIS and his companions resolved . . . to write the poetry themselves.'" They were "not orderly called," like CROMWELL'S preaching troopers, by the Muse. Like another Irish gentleman, Mr. DAVIS did not know whether he could write poetry or not till he tried. He did try, and he succeeded. Thus:—

Let Britain boast her British hosts,
About them all right little care we,
Not British seas nor British coasts
Can match the Man of Tipperary.

(Pronounce "Tipperarewe.") For a real burst of enthusiasm we prefer "Oh! for a steed!" Give the poet "a steed, a rushing steed, and a blazing scimitar"

("blazing" is good), and he will "hunt from beauteous Italy the Austrian's red hussar." With the same chivalrous equipment, "and dear Poland gathered 'around,'" he promises "to smite her circle of savage 'foes, and smash them to the ground.'" Next, apparently at the head of the Sioux and Apaches, he will make the Stars and Stripes quail "before the Red Indian." Given the steed, as above, *plus* "a hundred thousand cavaliers on the plains of Hindustan," Mr. Davis will battle

Till our shirts were red,
And the English fled
Like a cowardly caravan.

One hundred thousand Baboo chivalry led by the blazing scimitar of Mr. DAVIS were, indeed, a thing to fly from. He next retrospectively sighs for

A waving crest
And a lance in rest
With Bruce upon Bannock plain—

a field unknown by that designation to the Scotch topographer. Finally, the poet breathes a wish for a steed "*and any good cause at all*," and all the boy wakens in the reader's heart; for it may not be very good poetry, but it is undeniably young!

Long live the Dost
Who Britain crost,
Whurroo for Dost Mohammed,

we soon find him chanting. We have ventured to read *whurroo* for "hurrah"—a British expletive, ill becoming a Celtic minstrel. However, we may be wrong, as "the Irish Hurrah" is the title of another very energetic poem.

We hate the Saxon and the Dane,
We hate the Norman men,

he says,

Yet start not, Irish-born (borrun) men,
If you're to Ireland true.

"Orange and Green will carry the day" is a prophecy of Irish union still unfulfilled; Orange being recalcitrant, for reasons of her own.

Many Irish words occur in these poems; but, unhappily, it has been found necessary to translate the national speech, in footnotes, for the national reader. The *Geraldines* is a poem of some spirit, but somehow rings hollow, like the lines which invoke ST. WILIBALD of Bareacres:—

The forms of centuries rise up and in the Irish line
COMMAND THEIR SON TO TAKE THE POST THAT
FITS THE GERALDINE.

A note informs us that the reference is to Mr. W. SMITH O'BRIEN, and—woful word—we hear that serpent hissing. "Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN was raging like a line!" "twould have done your heart good to hear him roar."

Kirk, Schomberg, and Churchill
Are coming—what then?
We'll drive them with Dutch Will
To England again!

prophesies the bard. "They went to the wars, but 'they always fell,' and their poet, who improves as he goes on, is most successful in his verses on Fontenoy.

THE LATE LORD DERBY.

THE widow of the late Lord DERBY has rendered a service to students of political and social questions, as well as discharged a duty of natural affection, in the publication of two volumes of his "Speeches and Addresses" (LONGMANS & Co.) Mr. LECKY has contributed a prefatory memoir, in which the offices of the eulogist and the critic are judiciously balanced. The late Lord DERBY was not a great statesman, he was not a great orator, he was not a great debater; though a good, he was scarcely a great administrator. he was not a great thinker in pure or

applied politics. He approached nearly to being some of these things, and had a tincture of all these qualities. But *proxime accessit* is the most that can be said of him, and the approximation is not always very close. Yet the *Speeches and Addresses of the XVth Earl of Derby*, which extend over a period of nearly forty years, possess a greater intellectual variety and interest, and embody a larger amount of original—which is not necessarily novel—thought than could be gathered from the speeches and addresses of any living English statesman, or, with an exception too conspicuous to be named, of any statesman who has played a conspicuous part in office and in Parliament, since our Parliamentary system began.

The explanation lies in the fact that Lord DERBY'S speeches are not in the strict sense of the word speeches. They were delivered orally, each to a definite audience in a definite place. But that is a mere accident. Most of them might more appropriately have been contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*, or to some other magazine in want of a great name appended to an article as good as might be compatible with the name. The addresses are all of them, the speeches are most of them, essays in the intervals or in the actual conduct of business. None of the speeches which Lord DERBY made either in the House of Commons or in the House of Lords is included in these volumes. But politics are not altogether absent from them. His conduct as Foreign Minister in Lord BEACONSFIELD'S second Administration, his grounds for quitting it, his junction with the Liberal party, and his rupture with Mr. GLADSTONE on the question of Home Rule, are explained in speeches made out of doors. The remaining contents of the volume deal mainly with social problems, though some of them touch on interests more individual and purely intellectual, as those on reading, on the cultivation of art, on the pursuit of science, and on the conduct of life. But even the political speeches are essays. They were carefully written out. They have, therefore, the interest of connected exposition. The speeches of the greatest Parliamentary orators from CHATHAM to Mr. GLADSTONE are valuable as contributions to biography and history. They are documents—*mémoires pour servir*. They have, except in a few passages, no continuing life of their own. Lord DERBY'S speeches have this persistent vitality. They have a durable, though limited, intellectual value. Lord DERBY evidently thought pen in hand. We can suppose him doing as Lord BURLEIGH did, setting down in opposite columns the reasons for and against a policy, and ever noting and preparing himself for the encouragement or dissent which he might receive. There is a newspaper tradition that his speeches, sent to the press in advance of their delivery, used to contain not only the customary "Cheers" and "Hear, hears," but occasional "No, noes" and "Expressions of dissent," with the proper rejoinders. Lord DERBY not only thought out his argument, but took account of the momentary impression, favourable or unfavourable, which it might make, and adapted himself to it. This was the secret of his apparent readiness to meet interruptions.

The late Sir ROBERT PEEL used to say that PHILIP and ALEXANDER of Macedon were the nearest precedent he could find to the equal and transcendent capacity of father and son in the elder and younger PITT. Since the two PITTS there has been no instance in English political life of the same inheritance of ability as that presented by the fourteenth and fifteenth Earls of DERBY. But, as Mr. LECKY says, the son was rather the complement than the continuation of the father. The difference lies in the fact that the father was essentially a man of action, whose deeds had a tendency to outstrip his

purpose, as his words seemed often to outrun his thoughts. The son, though a man of business, was not a man of action in the statesman sense. He was a man of postponement and adjournment, of deliberation and delay. The rashness of over-haste in the father was not more remarkable than the rashness of procrastination in the son. The father was a character; a temperament, perhaps, we might rather say, served by a brilliant and quick intelligence. The son was an intelligence, or rather a bundle of intellectual faculties, not served by, scarcely welded into unity by, an overmastering character. Hence indecision and irresolution marked him through life. It is well known—indeed, it was publicly stated by Lord BEACONSFIELD, when Lord DERBY retired from his Government, that Lord BEACONSFIELD had looked on him as his successor in the Premiership and leadership of the Conservative party. It may be doubted whether Lord DERBY could have permanently held that position. Force was wanting. When he joined the Liberals he naturally acknowledged the position of Lord GRANVILLE. But after the rupture on Home Rule the stronger will and more vigorous character of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE assumed an ascendancy over the keener intelligence and the larger knowledge of Lord DERBY. This was not due to any superiority of oratoric power, though Lord DERBY, to apply to him what Mr. DISRAELI said of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, contended with difficulties which not even a DEMOSTHENES could have surmounted; and his pithy pointed English had a literary charm which does not invest the homely good sense of the Duke. Lord DERBY was not a leader of men, but an illuminating intelligence to be turned on, like gas or electricity, for the investigation of dark topics, a sort of Royal Commission of Inquiry under a single hat. Of the charm of his private life, of the interest of his conversation with men with whom he was at ease, and in circles in which he was at home, Mr. LECKY gives a pleasing account. "He disliked, I think greatly," Mr. LECKY says, "the habit of dragging sacred names into party speeches, and attributing every party manoeuvre to a solemn sense of duty." This feeling, however, is so generally characteristic of our public men that Mr. LECKY probably intends his remark less as a compliment to Lord DERBY than as a tribute to a more illustrious statesman still with us.

SOME INCIDENTS OF THE CAB STRIKE.

THE cab strike, though of small importance, has been useful. It has afforded some examples of the ways of strikes. Of these by much the most acceptable and the least familiar has been the conduct of the cabdriver HARRIS, who, when a gang of roughs endeavoured to pull him off his seat, very sensibly laid about him with his whip and punished one of them soundly. At this point, characteristically enough, the police interfered. They must have been on the spot to be able to interfere at all; but it does not appear that they acted till HARRIS had damaged one of the gang attacking him. Yet HARRIS was entitled to protection. Like Mr. BRIGHT, when he was challenged to fight a duel, he pays his rates to be protected from the menaces of ruffians. It is a curious story, but this is how it reads in the papers. Another welcome incident is the resolution of GEORGE WILLIAMSON, a licensed driver, who prosecuted successfully two men who menaced him. This event has moved a daily paper which deprecates violence in general terms, but condones it in detail when practised by strikers, to observe that the London magistrates must be watched. Mr. DE RUTZEN imposed fines of 10*l.*, which this paper thinks excessive, for "an offence

"which if it had been committed outside of a strike would certainly not have been so heavily visited." The offence of endeavouring to force a man who wishes to work to join a strike cannot be committed outside a strike. Mr. DE RUTZEN also said that in future he should not impose fines for this offence. Radical and Labour members are urged by the paper in question to keep their ears open to this horrid threat to send "strikers . . . to prison with thieves" and bad characters for what may be trifling mis-demeanours." We hope their open ears will hear much more to the same effect. Intimidating men who are working honestly is not a trifling but a gross offence. Mr. BROS, before whom somebody had the folly and impudence to charge HARRIS with assault, said that he had a right to defend himself. Surely Radical and Labour members ought to keep their ears open to such shocking heresy against the sacred Trade-Union as this.

The use of the police in this strike has no particularly new feature about it, but is not, therefore, to be commended. We hear too much of its delay to interfere until violence is being resisted, and on various occasions it has not interfered at all. Several reports have been published of cases in which cabs have been unharnessed and forced back into the yards in the presence of policemen, who have not acted. Sometimes the excuse is made that the police were not in sufficient number. We do not understand what this means. If the picket was lawfully engaged in mere persuasion, and was under the mistaken idea that unharnessing a cab-horse is a legitimate way of persuading the driver not to leave the yard, one policeman would have been enough to persuade them to desist. If they would not listen to one policeman, they were resisting the police in a disorderly manner; and in that case the obvious course was to send for reinforcements, and take them in charge. It would be interesting to know why this does not appear to have been done in any single case. We are certainly not in the habit of looking for grounds of complaint against the police, and have no sort of sympathy with those who do so look. They are generally to be found in quarters which are now patronizing the strikers. It is even most credible to us that the Chief Commissioner and his subordinates would have taken care to see that the cab-yards were protected from molestation, if their hands had not, in some way or other, been hampered. That some influence or another, not perhaps unconnected with the importance of the Trade-Union vote, did—in the earlier days of the strike, at least—intervene to facilitate the intimidation of non-Unionists is patent. It may also have occurred to some to ask how it comes that, since we have a system of licensing, it has been possible that the trade should be so overstocked as it has been. Since we limit the sums a man can earn, it would appear not unreasonable to limit reasonably the number who can compete.

MR. MORLEY AT NEWCASTLE.

MR. MORLEY is commonly, and not incorrectly, believed to shine more upon the platform than in the House of Commons. But even on the platform, of course, he is not superior to his matter. He requires—it is no reproach to him, for it is true of all, or nearly all, orators—the right sort of subject no less than the right sort of audience. And he is not well fitted with his subject when it is of such a nature as that with which he had to deal last Monday at Newcastle. He is not heard at his best when speaking from a very bad brief; and it is to his credit, no doubt, in every other capacity than that of a party politician, that he is not. For one thing, he lacks the "brass"

which is required for the proper handling of awkward facts; and, for another thing, he does not possess, and cannot—or, let us say, lest we wrong him, will not—feign that impressive unconsciousness of the weakness of his own arguments which is half the secret of the verdict-snatcher's and jury-charmer's power. He makes admissions which are damaging, and which he must see to be damaging, to his case; yet he will neither recall them nor explain them away. Thus, last Monday, having come down to his constituents to cheer them up as much as possible in the depressing circumstances of the hour, he began by laying before them a most injudiciously accurate account of the situation, and the causes which have led to it; and from the effect of this impolitic candour his speech never afterwards recovered. The only concession which he made to "tactics" was in speaking of the Ministerial majority as though it stood at the figure at which it was to be reckoned at the beginning of the present Parliament, instead of having been reduced to little more than a third of its original magnitude. But the innocent little artifice of talking about "forty," "more or less," instead of fourteen (which is a good deal less), was hardly worth practising, for the whole tone of the speech showed quite plainly that it was the latter of these figures, and not the former, which the speaker had ever in his mind.

Even more ineffective were Mr. MORLEY's dealings with that still darker feature of the situation—the rapidly deepening demoralization of this diminished majority. "It is quite true," said he, "that among the various interests which this Government represents there is a rivalry for priority. Why not? A disruption of interests is one thing. The pressure to put a particular Bill in the first place is another thing." It is the common interest of all the rivals "not to turn out the present Government," and, "be sure of it, in our politics, common sense wins in the long run." But, alas for this argument! Mr. MORLEY, even while he was using it, must have remembered that, to overthrow a Government with a handful of a majority, it is not necessary that their followers shall conspire to "turn them out." It is enough if they do not combine to keep them in. And it is just here that Mr. MORLEY's argument from common interest and common sense, loyal enough to him up to that moment, turns traitor. It will support a negative, but not a positive, conclusion. A common interest, strong enough to unite the various Ministerial groups in the arduous task of keeping a weak Government in office, must needs be founded on some common expectation of legislative gains to result therefrom; and this is exactly the expectation which is becoming daily more and more repugnant to common sense. "Rivalry for priority" is a phrase which has ceased to describe the situation; or, at any rate, it is as inadequate a description of it as it would be of a struggle between half a dozen shipwrecked sailors for the same hen-coop. It is no longer a question of who is to be first served; the question is whether anybody will be served at all. Mr. MORLEY's appeals to common sense to resolve the painful doubts that prevail on this point is the one genuine piece of audacity in his speech; and he made it more audacious by what he proceeded to say a little later on. For, within a few minutes after completing this happy picture of a majority working steadily and sensibly together to maintain the Government in power in the interests of their competitive measures, he casually, but cheerfully, lets fall the remark that "we are now dealing in the House of Commons, and shall be for days, and it may be for weeks to come, with the Budget." Exactly. For weeks commencing with the last week in May. No doubt a most necessary employment of Ministerial time; but whose particular

axe does it grind? Which of the "rivals for priority" does it satisfy, and what sort of encouragement does it afford to any of them to be regular in attendance on the division bell?

That Mr. MORLEY is, however, fully sensible of the importance of keeping the largest body of these competitors in good humour appeared plainly enough as he proceeded with his speech. Upon no other Ministerial achievement did he insist with more obvious anxiety to persuade than on his own alleged success in governing Ireland "by the ordinary law." It is a cruel calumny, he declares, to accuse him of administering the country by the same methods as his predecessors. "Since you sent me out of this 'hall as your representative, and as the man you 'wanted to see Chief Secretary for Ireland, there has 'not been a single case of a man tried under the 'Coercion Act.' It is 'all done by kindness,' like the education—according to the animal's owner and exhibitor—of the performing dog. It is by purely moral agencies that we have obtained relief from 'the incessant turmoil and exasperation of Ireland.' Mr. MORLEY's comments upon this blessing—namely, that he believes "the conscience and the heart even 'of his opponents to be easier at this state of things"—he must be left to reconcile as best he can with Lord ROSEBURY's strangely unbecoming observation that the tidings of renewed outrage in Ireland had fallen upon the ears of Unionists "like rain upon the parched earth." But the CHIEF SECRETARY's next sentences were of undesignedly ominous significance. "There is a danger," he adds, "that when Ireland is reduced to quietude and 'tranquillity, England may forget Ireland. It is a 'dreadful thing that it should be so"; but so it is. Mr. MORLEY, however, may take courage. The dreadful thing will not happen if Mr. DILLON can prevent it; and Mr. DILLON is fully alive to the danger attendant upon undue tranquillity in Ireland. His speech of Sunday last, at a meeting held near Limerick, to protest against a case of land-grabbing in the district was quite in the old familiar manner—quite in the style of the memorable "leper" speech, and the suggestion that "cattle would not flourish on an evicted 'farm." There was the old familiar response of "Shoot 'them" from the audience to the question "what 'was to be done with land-grabbers," and the old familiar dulness of hearing or pre-occupation of mind which prevents the orator from noticing the interruption. Mr. DILLON had been accused, he said, of "recommending boycotting and every kind of illegal 'combination; but all these charges and attacks 'had very little influence on him, so long as the course 'he took was approved by his countrymen." In other words, Mr. DILLON intends to go on inciting to boycotting and illegal combination; and the proudly successful ruler of Ireland "by the ordinary law" intends, we have no doubt, to go on allowing him to do so.

But it is ill following Mr. MORLEY through his laboured defence of the palsied and moribund Government to which he belongs. As we said before, it is a work thoroughly uncongenial to him, and it is with quite a feeling of relief that we find him at the close of his speech in his native region of pseudo-philosophic politics, and disporting himself among those vast and vague generalizations whose bemusing power over an otherwise vigorous intellect is a constant source of amazement to the critic. The concluding passage of his speech was a veritable gem—one entire and perfect chrysolite of nonsense. "The 'ideal," he says, "of the Liberal party is that view 'of things which believes that the welfare of all 'is bound up with injustice being done to none." Very good. But another ideal of the Liberal party—for it has another—is this: that "in the mass of the 'toilers on the land all the fountains of national life

"abide and the strongest and most irresistible currents 'flow." We have carefully collated the reports of the speech, and in one of them there is a *varia lectio* "on 'land," which may either mean the same as "on the 'land" or may be intended to exclude all seafaring men from the compliment. But we reject that reading, and in an "economizing" spirit we venture, *nostro periculo*, to suggest a third version as the correct one. If we suppose Mr. MORLEY to have said "toilers 'of the land," we shall at least save him from the crowning absurdity of having located all the national virtues in the breast of HODGE; and his proposition would then be that all "the fountains of national 'life abide" in the class of handicraftsmen. Now, the fountains of national life and the streams issuing from them may be many in number; but let us, among life-giving streams, take intelligence, integrity, energy, and patriotism—these four will do. So that Mr. MORLEY must be taken to affirm that whatever intelligence, integrity, energy, or patriotism is to be found in the national life may be traced back to a source among the class of handicraftsmen. Hence we get the extraordinary result that one ideal of the Liberal party is to insist that "injustice be done to 'none," and that another ideal of that party is to deny the possession of all vitalizing national virtue to every class of the community but one. Lord BEACONSFIELD once said, in his characteristic vein of pleasantry, that "he made it a rule never to interrupt a gentleman 'in his peroration." The motive in Lord BEACONSFIELD was no doubt a well-founded dread of prolonging the speech; but there are other reasons for not checking a certain kind of orator in the final rush of his eloquence, and undoubtedly, if anybody had interrupted Mr. MORLEY in this peroration, we should have lost much.

THE FRENCH CRISIS.

THE Ministry of M. CASIMIR PERIER, which at the beginning of the week appeared the strongest known since the exceptional Administration of M. JULES FERRY, has been upset suddenly on a trivial pretext. Startling as its defeat may be to those who only observe French politics intermittently, it was not unforeseen, and has, as may be observed, caused no surprise in Paris. The Ministerial majority was only a coalition of groups. M. CASIMIR PERIER and his colleagues had profited greatly by the Anarchist outrages, which for the time suspended internal rivalries, and united the greater part of the Chamber in fear of the Socialists. But that scare has to some extent worn out, causing the old permanent influences to resume their power. Many of the moderate Republicans are very unwilling to vote against anything of a popular character. There are many Deputies of the Right who hate the Republic so intensely that they are always ready to band with the Socialists in order to injure it, provided that the pretext is not a direct attack on the Church. They are annoyed just now by M. CASIMIR PERIER's action in the matter of the Nuncio's letter to the French Bishops. It is true that the Prime Minister did nothing which any Royal Government might not have done. But what is right in a King is not to be permitted to a Republican Premier, and so they banded with men who shouted, "Vive la Révolution Sociale! Vive la Commune!" Others, who would not go so far, abstained from voting. A large section of Republicans who have hitherto supported the Government did the same; and so France is, for the thirty-second time in twenty-three years, "in the throes of a political crisis."

The pretext on which the Ministry was upset, whether it was supplied by ingenuity or by luck,

served the purpose very well. M. SALIS called upon the Government to explain why it did not urge the railway Companies to allow their men to send delegates to the Railway Congress, and why it did not allow its own railway officials to do so. These were really very inconvenient catch questions. French Governments have not been consistent in their dealings with "Syndicates," or, as we say, Trade-Unions among their workmen. They have allowed them in factories, but forbidden them in the State railways. The law of 1884, which allows combinations among workmen, makes no exception in the case of those employed by the State. It was quite certain, however, that M. CASIMIR PERIER, who has endeavoured to act with steady opposition to the Socialists, would not allow delegates to be sent to this Congress. When the last was held there was not only a great deal of Socialism talked, but pamphlets of a seditious and unpatriotic character were freely distributed, and only disavowed by the leaders very ungraciously under considerable pressure. However correct this attitude may be as far as M. CASIMIR PERIER's personal dignity is concerned, and however consistent it may be with the determination of his Cabinet not to submit to compromise with Socialism, it undoubtedly had an appearance of refusing to workmen in the employment of the State the right to exercise a freedom conferred on them by the law. Here was exactly the kind of pretext on which the irreconcilable Right and the Radical deputies who are not Socialists could for once in a way combine with the Socialists, while others who did not wish to commit themselves could decently abstain. M. CASIMIR PERIER and his colleagues appear to have seen at once what would happen, and to have decided to fall with credit.

But, although the upsetting of this last Ministry is intelligible, and was sooner or later inevitable, it is not the less a sign of the incurable instability of Parliamentary government in France. This has become somewhat more pronounced under the Republic, but is not a novelty. Prince METTERNICH complained that during the years in which he had directed the foreign policy of Austria he had had to deal with between twenty and thirty French Ministers of Foreign Affairs. Perpetual changes, often on the most flimsy pretexts, have been the rule. They are not intelligible to an Englishman, who considers them by the light of his own ideas as to how Parliamentary government ought to be conducted. On what principle, for instance, did the Right act on Tuesday when sixteen of its members voted against the Government, eighteen for, and fifteen abstained? To us it seems incredible that any members of the Right should have thought it possible to join with the party of the Social Revolution against a Ministry which has at least treated the Church more considerately than any predecessor. Again, it is amazing to us that Republican Deputies who fear Socialism, and would certainly not support a Socialist Cabinet, can be found ready to league with that side to upset the most consistent Moderate Republican Administration which has yet been formed. The only explanation we can offer is that there is a certain French quality in Frenchmen which causes them to behave in this way. If Frenchmen could understand that half a loaf is better than no bread, and that it is folly to punish a half friend by promoting the cause of a whole enemy; if it were possible for them to subordinate their own chance of making a show of their personal influence to the interests of "the service," French history would not have been what it has been. The fable of the horse and the man was not told to any purpose as far as they are concerned. Just at present, however, there is no man.

THURSDAY NIGHT IN THE COMMONS.

THE House of Commons, and in particular the Opposition half of it, did not begin well on Thursday night. There was much waste of time, and not a little, on the part of the Unionists, of that discreditable kind of waste of effort which takes the form of doing a necessary thing insufficiently. We do not include Mr. MUNDELLA's personal explanation under the head of waste of time. It is very proper, and quite according to tradition, that a Minister who has resigned his place should make a public explanation of the reasons for his action and the manner in which he took it. This he is not only entitled to do, but is expected to do, even when there is no mystery about the circumstances. The substance of Mr. MUNDELLA's explanation, indeed, only confirms what was a pretty general conviction—namely, that he "traversed the cart, and still said farewell, but was loth to depart." We had gathered as much already. The reasons for Mr. MUNDELLA's delay were not unlike those which influenced the earlier hero whose reluctance to retire is recorded in the verse we have quoted—namely, attachment to life—in his case, fortunately, only official life. If Mr. MUNDELLA thinks that this natural clinging to what is naturally dear to all who hold it is a sufficient excuse for his astonishing delay to recognize the patent fact that his further stay at the Board of Trade had become outrageously indecent, it is clear that he and we differ profoundly on the very rudiments. As to Mr. STOREY's personal explanation, there need be no hesitation in classing that. The time of the House really ought not to be employed in hearing how Mr. STOREY contrived to leave Mr. ANSTRUTHER under the impression he had said Yes, when in fact he had used a formula which, with a little straining and management, could be represented to mean No. But, however the matter stood between Mr. STOREY and the gentlemen with whom he negotiated directly and indirectly, it was absurd to waste the time of the House with explanations of misunderstandings which arose in the course of a purely personal negotiation. What has the House of Commons to do with elaborate demonstrations that it is not very safe to come to understandings with Mr. STOREY? It is useful for Whips to know that it is advisable to leave nothing undefined in dealing with Mr. STOREY for a pair; but why take up the time of the House with personal matters of which it can take no notice?

We have the utmost difficulty in understanding what process of reasoning can have brought the Unionists to the opinion that they have anything to gain by conducting the opposition to the Budget Bill in the style in which they began on Thursday night. They, in plain language, did nothing to prevent, if they did not provoke, a fiasco which can only be injurious to their own cause. It is surely time that they understood that nothing is to be gained by "fighting shy" against the present Ministry. We doubt very much whether that kind of opposition is of avail against any Ministry or at any time. At this time and against this Ministry it has been proved to be futile. Yet on Thursday the Opposition fell back into exactly the same error as was committed in the earlier part of last year during the first stages of the Home Rule Bill. It allowed the Government to muster unexpectedly large majorities. The explanation of this want of energy is substantially the same in both cases. Last year it was the advisability of allowing the Ministry rope to hang itself, and this year it is the wisdom of allowing it time in which to discredit itself. Have the members of the Opposition who make this kind of egregious calculation asked themselves whether any Ministry was ever discredited by being allowed to muster unexpectedly

large majorities, or whether any Opposition ever did itself the least good by acting as if it were not in earnest? If they will put these two questions to themselves, and answer them, not by guesswork, but by experience they will find that they admit of but one answer. It cannot be too forcibly impressed on members of the Opposition that, if they wish to see the Ministry recover at least some measure of prestige, they have only to repeat their conduct of last Thursday night. After a few more prophecies of critical divisions, followed by majorities in excess of the Government's normal figure, even this Cabinet will begin to revive. As it is, a great profession of hostility and determined resistance to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S Budget followed by slackness can only lead to the belief that the Opposition are afraid. It does not matter whether what they are supposed to fear is the odium of too active resistance to Democratic finance, or the risk of putting the Ministry out of office prematurely. In either case they will be thought afraid to fight, and we believe there has been no case in which that suspicion has not injured a party in this country.

THE DELPHIC CHANTS.

THE daily papers have informed the public that a masterpiece of ancient music has been discovered at Delphi; that this masterpiece has been deciphered and transcribed; and that it now has been performed with vast success at Athens. Unfortunately the music thus performed at Athens was not the music found at Delphi; and the gifted transcriber might as well have claimed it as his own. The music that was found at Delphi is far too fragmentary to be presented in the concert-room; but, rightly understood, the discovery is really of importance.

A dozen years ago the entire *répertoire* of ancient music was represented by five pieces, and the authenticity of two of these was more than doubtful. The three genuine pieces were settings for three hymns by Dionysius and Mesomedes; one to Calliope, one to Apollo, and one to Nemesis. These were printed in 1582 by Vincentio Galilei in his *Dialogo della Musica Antica et della Moderna*, p. 97, and have often been reprinted. Nowadays they generally are quoted from F. Bellermann, *Die Hymnen des Dionysius und Mesomedes*, Berlin, 1840. The fourth piece was a setting for the opening lines of Pindar's first Pythian Ode. This was printed in 1650 by Athanasius Kircher in his *Musurgia Universalis*, vol. i. pp. 541, 542. According to his own account he found this setting in a MS. of Pindar at Messina; but the MS. has never been traced. The fifth piece was a setting for the shorter of the two Homeric hymns to Demeter. This was printed in 1724 by Benedetto Marcello in his *Parafraasi sopra li primi venticinque Salmi*, vol. iii. p. 132. He does not say where he found this setting, and it does not appear in any of the extant MSS. of the Homeric hymns.

Thus, a dozen years ago no ancient music had been obtained from any source but MSS.; and this source seemed to be exhausted. Then an inscription containing a song with music was published by Professor W. M. Ramsay in the *Bulletin de Correspondance Hellénique* for 1883, pp. 277, 278. The inscription was carved on "a small round marble column," which was then at Smyrna, and had been brought thither from Aidin, the ancient Tralles. The first five lines contained a statement that the monument had been erected by a certain Seikilos; and then came six lines containing the verses with the music. Unfortunately, Professor Ramsay could only say, "I do not understand the meaning of the small letters placed above the lines of the second part"; and several years elapsed before their meaning was explained. At last, in 1890, the explanation was given by M. Charles Wessely, of Vienna, in a paper which he consigned to oblivion in the *Jahresbericht des k.k. Staatsgymnasiums*. A better copy of the inscription has now been published by Professor Crusius, of Tübingen, in *Philologus* for 1893—the plate faces p. 160—and this is the copy that should be quoted for the future. M. Wessely then had the luck to find some verses with music on a papyrus of the Augustan age, discovered at Hermopolis Magna in Upper Egypt, and now in the collection of the

Archduke Rainer at Vienna. He published a copy of the thing in the *Revue des Etudes Grecques* for 1892, p. 268, and afterwards a better copy by photography in the *Mittheilungen aus der Sammlung der Papyrus Erzherzog Rainer*, vol. v. p. 66. The verses are from a chorus in Euripides, *Orestes*, 338 ff., $\mu\alpha\tau\acute{\epsilon}\rho\omicron\varsigma\ \alpha\lambda\mu\alpha\ \sigma\acute{\alpha}\varsigma,\ \kappa\tau\lambda.$, but they are all in tatters.

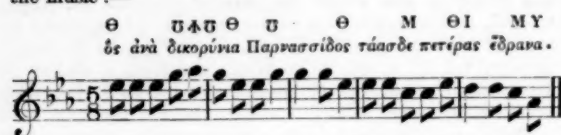
These two discoveries showed that pieces of ancient music might be obtained from other sources besides the ordinary MSS.; and during the past winter the excavations at Delphi have brought to light no less than fourteen fragments of inscriptions containing hymns with music. These have just been published by M. Théodore Reinach, of Paris, in a belated number of the *Bulletin de Correspondance Hellénique* for 1893. The three largest fragments are given in heliogravures on Plates 21, 21 bis, 22, and the other eleven in woodcuts on pp. 604, 606, 609. The best fragment contains eighteen lines of words with notes above, and the last fifteen lines are very nearly perfect. Another fragment contains sixteen lines, while another contains thirteen, and another contains eight, and another contains four. These fragments are seriously damaged; and although the words can mostly be restored by following the metre of the verses and their sense, there is nothing to warrant a restoration of the notes. The other nine fragments are only little scraps.

In some of the fragments the metre of the verses is Pæonic; in others the metre is Glyconian. Now, if each foot of verse is represented by a bar of music, and the long and short syllables are represented by crotchets and quavers, the nature of the metre will determine the time of the piece and the structure of the bars. Thus, where the metre is Pæonic, the time will be $\frac{5}{4}$, and each bar will assume one or other of these four shapes—five quavers, three quavers followed by a crotchet, a crotchet followed by three quavers, or two crotchets with a quaver between them. And similarly, where the metre is Glyconian, the time will be $\frac{13}{8}$, and each bar will consist of eight notes. These eight notes should strictly be arranged in such a way that each quarter of the verse will contain a quaver and a crotchet; but in either of the first two quarters two crotchets may be substituted for the quaver and the crotchet, such pairs of crotchets being reckoned at three-quarters of their normal value. Of course, this metre may be modified in other ways, as noted by Hephaestion, pp. 106–108, ed. Gaisford; but no other modifications occur here.

The notes are indicated by letters above the various syllables; and where these letters are omitted, the syllable must be supposed to take the same note as the syllable before. Occasionally there is more than one letter above a long syllable, and then the spelling is modified to suit the tune. Thus $\mu\alpha\tau\acute{\epsilon}\rho\omicron\varsigma$ is altered to $\mu\alpha\sigma\tau\acute{\epsilon}\iota\omicron\varsigma$ and $\Delta\epsilon\lambda\phi\acute{\iota}\sigma\iota\nu$ to $\Delta\epsilon\lambda\phi\acute{\iota}\sigma\iota\nu$. There are nearly forty instances of this.

The lettering is not the same throughout. In five of the fragments it follows one system, and in the other nine it follows another. In the five fragments the letters that occur are these:—B, Γ, F (digamma), Θ, I, K, Λ, M, O, Y, Φ, X modified, Ψ inverted, and Ω inverted. With the exception of B and O, which may be introduced for accidentals, these letters all belong to the set that Alypius prescribes for use with Phrygian Chromatics. They are given in his *Εἰσαγωγή Μουσικῇ*, pp. 32, 33, ed. Meibom. In that scheme two complete octaves contain three and forty notes; and this scale ascends by 1, 4, 5, 6, 13, 14, 15, 22, 25, 26, 27, 34, 35, 36, 43, with the alternative at 22 of ascending by 22, 23, 24, 31. Upon the piano two complete octaves contain five and twenty notes; and, roughly speaking, this scale ascends by 1, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15, 16, 17, 20, 21, 22, 25, with the alternative at 13 of ascending by 13, 14, 15, 18. But there is this difficulty about the groups 3–4–5, 8–9–10, &c. If the notes in each group were separated by exactly half a tone, there would be two letters to denote 15, the principal scale giving I and the alternative giving K. Of course, the explanation is that these notes were separated by fractions of a tone, which cannot be represented on such an instrument as a piano. And clearly, with forty-three notes for two complete octaves, or twenty-two for one, the intervals between the notes would have been a third of a tone in every case, if all these intervals were equal. Neglecting this refinement, the letters may be transcribed as follows:—Γ is f, Θ is e^b, I and K are d, Λ is d^b, M is c, Y is a^b, Φ is g, X is a above the line, Ψ is a^b above, Ω is g above, and F is e^b below. The accidentals O and B are probably b and

g^b above. A short transcript will serve to give a notion of the music :—



The principal fragment is among the five that have this lettering. In the other nine the letters that occur are these :—A mutilated, F (digamma), Z, H modified, A tilted, A inverted, Π tilted, Π inverted, c (sigma), c tilted. These all belong to the set that Alypius prescribes for use with Lydian Diatonics, *ibid.* pp. 3, 4. With forty-three notes to the two octaves, this scale ascends by 1, 4, 5, 10, 13, 14, 19, 22, 25, 26, 31, 34, 35, 40, 43, with the alternative at 22 of ascending by 22, 23, 28, 31. And upon the piano, roughly speaking, it ascends by 1, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 11, 13, 15, 16, 18, 20, 21, 23, 25, with the alternative at 13 of ascending by 13, 14, 16, 18. Here 16 and 18 both occur twice; and 18 is denoted by the same letter each time. But 16 is denoted by two different letters; so the figures here can only be approximate. And, as before, the difficulty is that notes occur which cannot be represented on such an instrument as the piano. Still, the letters may roughly be transcribed as follows :—F is *g*, C is *a*, c (tilted) is *δ*^b, A (tilted) is *d*, A (inverted) is *e*^b, Π (tilted) is *e*, Π (inverted) is *f*, Z is *g* above the line, H is *a* above, and A is *b*^b above.

Alypius gives a double set of letters in each case, and says distinctly that one group is intended for the voices and the other for the instruments (*ibid.* p. 2). These nine fragments have the lettering for instruments, while the other five have the lettering for voices. The lettering for voices is given in the Tralles inscription, and also in the Euripides papyrus and the MSS. of Dionysius and Mesomedes. In the Marcello document both letterings are used concurrently, and in the Kircher document the first two lines are lettered for voices and the other three for instruments. If that were genuine, it would go to prove that these letterings might be interchanged. But the probabilities are all the other way, and obviously nothing is proved by the presence of such forms as *ἀκαστήν* in these fragments with lettering for instruments. The splitting of a crotchet into a pair of quavers was quite as important to the player as the singer.

The instruments were probably the lyre and the flute, for these are mentioned in the verses. But there is never more than a single note for voices or for instruments; so the singing and the playing were both in unison.

This collection of music will have to be judged by a passage in the principal fragment, where only nine notes are missing in a total of two hundred and seven. The other fragments are all so shattered that they never give more than ten notes in succession. As for the date, there is an allusion to the destruction of the Gauls in 279 B.C.; and there is also an allusion to an *ἀρχή*, which seems to be the Roman Government. The former occurs in a fragment with Pæonic metre and lettering for voices, and the latter in a fragment with Glyconian metre and lettering for instruments. In this fragment the last line of a hymn is followed by the first line of a decree; and that shows how these hymns came to be inscribed on stone. They are there as schedules to decrees, like the hymn in the inscription of Aristonoos, which was found with them. That inscription gives a decree of the Delphians granting various honours to Aristonoos in recognition of his merits as a poet, and then sets out his hymn to Apollo of Delphi. There is not any music to this hymn; but the chances are that the excavations will bring to light a number of these hymns with music.

THE TRING MUSEUM.

FEW people would expect to find a first-rate zoological museum in a very out-of-the-way town among the Chiltern Hills. Tring nestles in a wooded valley, as remote from railways as, nowadays, any place can be which is no more than thirty-two miles from London. There are many different ways of reaching it. The Tring Station on the North-Western is two miles off, near Ashridge Park. Wendover and Marston Gate and Cheddington are not far away; and there are public conveyances which take a visitor from Wycombe, Dunstable, Leighton Buzzard, and other

neighbouring centres of population to within measurable distance. But few travellers are likely, except under very unfavourable circumstances, to grumble at being delayed in such beautiful scenery. The Chilterns everywhere bring forth beech-trees in abundance, and though they seldom rise more than seven or eight hundred feet above the sea level, they form a lovely mountainous background to many a fair view across the Vale of Aylesbury. The town of Tring is reckoned to be in Hertfordshire, but the Buckinghamshire Vale, the *Conca d'Oro* of England, flowing with milk and honey, and teeming with lily-white ducks and little round black pigs, extends so far south that the boundary is technical only, not natural or geographical. In all directions surrounding the vale are the palaces of the Rothschild family. Halton and Waddesdon smile at each other from opposite hills. Ascott and Eythrope are of minor importance, perhaps; but Mentmore, the seat of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild, and now of Lord Rosebery, and Aston Clinton, which belonged to Sir Anthony de Rothschild, whose daughter is Lady Battersea, are magnificent places, which remind the visitor that what Ralph of Coggeshall said in the twelfth century is true at the end of the nineteenth, "the houses of the Jews are like kings' palaces." Among these splendid mansions the Manor House of Tring is very modest with its plain red brick front standing but a little back from the market-place, and approached from the street by a short avenue of limes. To the south-west, over a high spur of the Chilterns, is the noble park, best reached from Tring by a short branch of the ancient British, Roman, and Saxon road called the Akeman Street. Akeman Street, Tring, takes you straight uphill to the woods and over the hill to Wigginton and Berkhamstead; but as you would enter the park you are arrested by a tall windowless brick building, in front of which a notice board tells you that the Museum is open to the public on four afternoons and one morning (Friday) in every week. Except on Thursdays and Saturdays, visitors from far and near are numerous. All around are picturesque houses extending into an avenue running eastward towards the principal mansion, and on a smooth green lawn facing the private buildings of the Museum are half a dozen emeus or rheas stalking about in the grass, accompanied by a pretty contingent of long-tailed Indian fowls. This is nearly all there is of a zoological garden, though the aviaries of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, across the valley at Waddesdon, are famous in the region.

The Museum was established several years ago by Mr. Walter Rothschild, the eldest son of the Lord of Tring. From very modest beginnings it has gradually become an institution of high scientific importance, as befits the attainments and wealth of the founder, one of the foremost naturalists of the day. His agents ransack the isles of the South Seas, the pampas and forests of America, and the deserts of Africa for specimens; and, though fully representative of the principal orders of animals, the Museum is chiefly remarkable for the number of rarities it preserves. The benefit directly and indirectly conferred upon the town and neighbourhood is incalculable. In addition to ordinary visitors and sightseers, a certain number of students is always engaged in the private rooms, where nearly ten thousand birds' skins may be examined, including the rare yellow-headed Amazons parrot, to which the authorities have given the name of Mr. Rothschild, but which he has modestly omitted from the public division of the Museum. In addition to the ornithological collection, a whole room is devoted to butterflies, of which there are about 30,000 examples, and another to beetles of all kinds, of which there must be close upon 100,000 specimens. There is also an excellent library of the latest and best books on natural history. This gigantic undertaking was commenced while Mr. Rothschild was still very young, but was first opened to the public on the completion of the buildings about two years ago. So highly is it appreciated that, besides students, more than 30,000 visitors passed the turnstile during the first year of the exhibition. On market days the galleries are crowded. Unfortunately the exigencies of the situation have been too much for Mr. Rothschild's architect, or builder, for the Museum aspires to no distinctive architectural features, and the lower story is by far too dark, though lighter than the best rooms of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, where the atmosphere of London so greatly impedes the labours of the student. The clear air of the Chilterns is admirably suited to Mr. Rothschild's purpose, and both birds and insects show

themselves in their true colours, exhibiting hues invisible in town.

The public part of the show may be sharply divided into four distinct departments. On the lower floor, but inconveniently crowded with specimens, are a series of cases containing examples of all the orders of mammals. Another range contains the birds, and is also by far too full. On the upper floor are some whales, seals, and other warm-blooded inhabitants of the sea, together with various reptiles, tortoises, snakes, and lizards. Fish are also well represented, as well as corals, shells, and sponges. The fourth department is made up of a series of desk-shaped cabinets containing insects, including spiders, scorpions, leaf and straw insects, and what, in the American language, are termed "flutter bugs," in general, as well as a cabinet of English entomology, arranged in drawers. Great pains have been taken in this department to select suitable and representative specimens to illustrate the whole field, from among the hundreds of thousands in the students' department, many of them being, so far as is known, unique in any collection. A fifth general feature is a large number of examples of skilful taxidermy which are arranged on a kind of swinging floor in the centre. They comprise two zebras: Grevy's, with close, thin stripes, in a kind of pattern; and Chapman's, on which the stripes are coarser; and are both beautifully set up. Near them is one of the gems of the collection, a giraffe's head, exquisitely treated to show the gentle expression, and the soft brown eye, with its long eyelashes. Some antelopes lead up to the Indian *gaur*, a gigantic buffalo which is most life-like, and looks as if it would leap from the platform. Near it is a very rare "tauriform" antelope lying down, and next an aard-vark (earth pork), from the same region of South Africa, with its long tongue out, waiting at an anthill for its prey.

Unfortunately, there is no catalogue published as yet, and the casual visitor can only pick out here and there what, for rarity or some other cause, appears worthy of special note. The ground-floor collection commences, of course, with marsupials, of which there is a large and very representative series, including opossums from America, phalangers, flying squirrels, the miniature marsupial jerboas (*conilurus*); kangaroos of all sizes, and, more wonderful than any other, the large monotreme from New Guinea (*Echidna nigroaculeata*), which has not yet become at all common in museums. It is very dark in colour. Beside most of the stuffed animals is the skeleton, neatly mounted. The "native water-mole" (*Ornithorhynchus*) is also fully represented, but the possibly allied blind mole (*Notoryctes typhlops*) is so far missing, and is probably still a subject of study in Mr. Rothschild's private collection. Near these archaic animals is a great case of anthropomorphous apes, gorillas, the Gibraltar ape (*Macacus inuus*, as it is here labelled, but frequently called *Inuus caudatus*), and a female kooloo kamba, a black ape, absurdly like a little negro (*Anthropithecus calvus*). The cat tribe is fully represented by a tiger and cub; a lion, lioness and cub; several ocelots, wild cats, hairy leopards, jaguars, and a wonderfully life-like puma. Near each animal is the skeleton, a most instructive arrangement. We can only mention further the wild boars and peccaries, armadillos, pangolins, quagga, sloths, giant red wolf from South America, the Malayan binturong, and many more of the kind; the cattle and bighorn sheep, rats and agoutis, dormice and beavers; and pass on to the birds, only pausing to admire the fine setting up of a series of heads of wild buffaloes. It is to be supposed that the white rhinoceros now at Mr. Ward's will be added to the collection; but it will probably occupy a place on the swinging platform upstairs, already too full.

The eagle and falcon tribe fill the first two cases on the western side. Opposite to them are no fewer than twenty-seven ruffs, all in different plumage, ranging from black to cream colour. A case full of British finches and warblers seems very complete. In the corner, and but indifferently lighted, are the parrots and toucans, among which we cannot pass over a series of the common grey parrot, white, ash-coloured, red-mottled, and, finally, almost entirely red; also the contrast presented by a mighty hyacinthine macaw and a tiny *Ara Hahni*, no larger than a sparrow. The rarer Australian parakeets are to be seen, but not in any quantity. An owl-parrot and other New Zealand birds seem to offer a missing link between parrots and the accipitrine family; while the Birds of Paradise, humming birds, and grass finches, chiefly in cases on the staircase, rival the parrots in bearing "the bright hues of all glorious

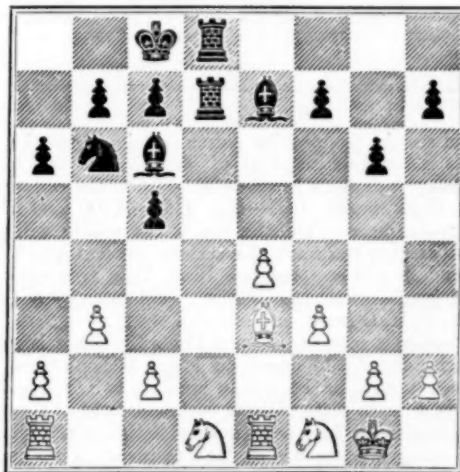
things." The visitor goes forth sadly, feeling sure he must have missed many of the best and rarest features of the collection, but mitigating his sorrow with a strong sense of gratitude to the learned and generous provider of so much that is calculated to please and instruct his fellow-creatures.

CHESSE NOTES.

THE championship match, in its third stage at Montreal, has nearly completed a second decade of games. Up to Monday last the champion had added three to the score of two with which he opened his account at New York, and his friends were left to console themselves with the idea that, if his nerves held out to the end, it was still just possible for him to catch the leader at the winning-post. But Lasker's score was already at nine, and, splendidly as Steinitz has fought on Canadian ground, it was too much to expect that he would actually avert defeat.

The second of the series of games played at Montreal was opened by Lasker with a Ruy Lopez, and defended by Steinitz with pawn to rook's third, instead of his favourite pawn to queen's third. The defence won by developing itself into an attack almost at the outset; and, as the game is interesting for several reasons, we quote the middle passage, from the position given in the diagram to a point at which the end is clearly in sight.

BLACK.



WHITE.

After White's 18th move:—P—Q Kt 3.

Lasker had taken the knight on his fourth move, and offered the exchange of queens on his sixth. Steinitz castled on the queen's side, and Lasker, two moves later, castled on the king's side. Black seized an opportunity of doubling his rooks, whilst his opponent hampered himself by a too far-sighted manoeuvre with his knights. The diagram shows how the play on both sides had contributed to give Black a remarkably free position, such as the defender seldom secures in the Ruy Lopez; and with admirable perception the champion brought his whole force into action by throwing his doubled pawn overboard. The game continued in this way:—

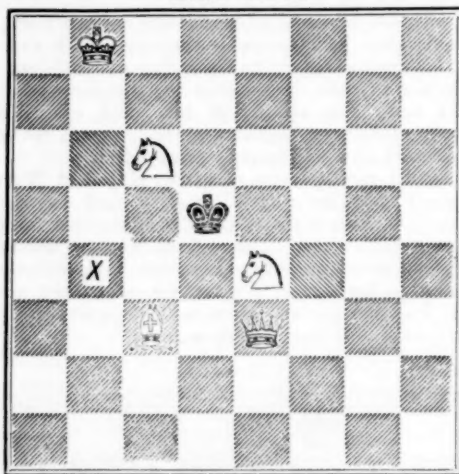
White LASKER.	Black STEINITZ.	White LASKER.	Black STEINITZ.
18 B x Kt	P—B 5	28 P x B	R x Q P
19 P x P	P x B	29 Q R—Q sq	R x R
20 P—Q B 3	B—Kt 5	30 R x R	P—B 5
21 K—R sq	B—B 4 ch	31 K—R 2	R—K sq
22 R—Q B sq	R—Q 6	32 P—Q R 4	K—B 2
23 Q Kt—K 3	P—Q R 4	33 P—K R 4	K—B 3
24 P x P	P—B 4	34 P—R 4	B—Kt 5
25 P—K R 3	P x P	35 K—R 3	R—K 7
26 Kt—Q 5	R—Kt sq	36 R x R	B x R
	B x Kt	37 K—Kt 4	K—B 4

Lasker played on for eighteen moves; but already the game must be given against him on adjudication. Black's rooks and bishops were very strong, and he developed in a masterly manner by his twentieth and twenty-fourth moves. The latter move offered a second pawn, but the reader will see why Lasker could not take with his knight. Instead of losing one, Steinitz regained the equality of pawns; and the bad position of White's knight was fatal to him.

The key-move of the problem printed on April 28 is bishop to queen's knight's fourth. Black has three alternatives; he may take the undefended knight, or move to his queen's bishop's fifth, or to king's third. In either case White's second move is knight to queen's sixth—and that explains the bishop's move, the main purpose of which was to defend the knight in its new position. Now it will be found that, whatever Black's second move may be, White has a mate with his queen—on king's fourth, on king's eighth, or on rook's sixth. The best characteristics of this

A MATE IN THREE.

BLACK—1 Piece.



WHITE—5 Pieces.

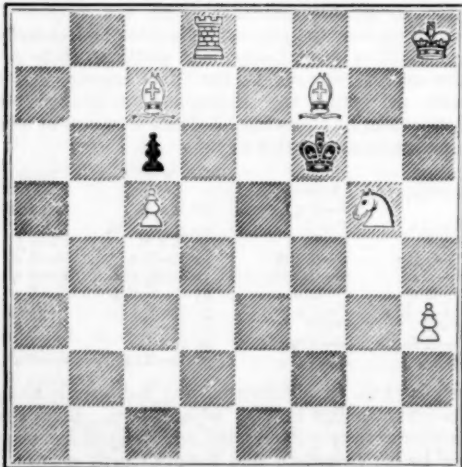
problem are the far-reaching power of knights and the progressive and cumulative effect of White's first two moves. We must not devote a separate diagram to the variation in which Black moves 1 K—K3, 2 K—KB3, and White queen mates on rook's sixth; but if the reader will place the two knights and mark the sixteen squares which they command, he will see that the Black king is snared in a perfect jungle of inaccessibilities. (Solutions by A. C. W., C. T. S., J. H. O'Brien, and others.)

An incorrect solver (Liverpool Chess Club) has begun by misplacing the White queen on king's bishop's third. In that case there is, as he says, a mate in two (1 Kt—K5); but it is a mere mate without variations, and the uselessness of the White king is a second violation of the canons.

The end-game proposed on May 12 turns on the position of the two triplets of pawns facing each other. The kings must begin by arresting the single pawns; after which White wins by pawn to knight's sixth. Black must take this pawn, or it pushes through to queen. If he take with rook's pawn, White advances bishop's pawn; and if he take with bishop's pawn, White advances rook's pawn. The

A MATE IN THREE.

BLACK—2 Pieces.



WHITE—7 Pieces.

position will occur now and again in ordinary play. If both triplets were one square nearer to White's base, Black

would queen the move after White, and, having a pawn left, might possibly win. (Solutions by A. C. W., C. T. S.)

This problem illustrates the wide command of two bishops in combination. The solution shall be given a fortnight hence.

FALSTAFF AT COVENT GARDEN.

NEVER before, we imagine, was a new work better known to an audience from hearsay alone than *Falstaff*; never was there more anxiety than in Covent Garden, on Saturday last, to make personal acquaintance with the cause of so much international enthusiasm; and, we are sure, hardly ever was there a public reader to be convinced and to admire than the brilliant crowd assembled for the production of *Falstaff*, that "most youthful work of an extraordinary man of eighty." Whatever the expectations, they were realized; for even to those who could boast of a close intimacy with *Falstaff*, the performance seemed like the production of some new masterpiece. Sensations and impressions provoked months or weeks ago, at first or twentieth hearing, come all back swarming with renewed intensity; fresh beauties came to light; new details roused admiration, so full of wonders is this score, and such is the subtle fascination of the music. *Falstaff* is more than a masterpiece—it is a revelation. It is not a new opera or a new work; it is a fresh ideal, a new formula; it is a new art—an art not proceeding from any systems or theories, however improved or perfected, but from the definite evolution of a prodigious creative mind.

Therefore *Falstaff* will live. And how could it be otherwise—Verdi inspired by Shakspeare! It is not the first time that the subject has tempted masters of all countries and times. There was a *Falstaff* by Salieri (1798), a *Falstaff* by Balfe (1838), another by Adam (1856), and there is Nicolai's opera *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*. We mention this merely to point out how the sense of gaiety of various nations had tried to measure itself with the Shakspearian sense of humour; there was the *esprit gaulois*, the German *Witz*, the Irish wit, and the Italian *spirito*. It was left to Verdi's genius to come out of the contest with glory, and, great as Verdi is, he had to give us all his best to achieve what he did. But we have now in *Falstaff* a perfect model of a lyric comedy, as seven years ago we were given in *Otello* an ideal lyric drama.

The familiarity of our artistic and theatre-going world with the work relieves us from the duty of a detailed analysis, but we beg leave to linger over the score for a while yet. First of all, let us pause to note the subtle breath of classicism which pervades the whole music of *Falstaff*; the almost "Beethovenian" flavour of the first scene and the remarkable way in which the opening theme is treated. One might take it for a sonata movement worked out in strict form. It is not by a mere chance that the master has begun his work in this guise, nor is the fugal ensemble at the end a mere composer's artifice. In this beginning and in this ending we have the key to the famous *torniamo all' antico*, with which Verdi has puzzled so many for years past. But how marvellously that *antico* is blended with every resource of modern lyric drama, and how numerous are the fresh conquests of Verdi! Here they are in an extraordinary combination of rhythms, there in a most intricate part-writing; here in ravishing freshness of melodic invention, there in the boldness of orchestral figures, and all this without any apparent effort, simply, logically, and without interfering for a moment with the continuity of the symphonic wave. Take the first *nonetto* combined from a quartet in 6-8, and a quintet a *cappella* in common time—the love duet, with its alternating dialogue and its wonderful unity of melodic design; the infinite variety of allegros and allegrettos; see how the musical phrase entwines the spoken phrase; see how situations and single words are underlined in the orchestra; how, for instance, the bassoon accompanies the airs and graces of Sir John; how the flute and piccolo, taken at tremendous speed, run away with the tittle-tattle of the "Merry Wives"; here the triangle and trumpets, in syncope, imitate the clang of the money-bag; there a pandemonium of trombones comments the prophecy of Pistol; and that wonderful trill in the third act, and those modulations when the clock strikes twelve—and the astonishing limpidity of the whole thing! But we must

part here for the present with this marvellous score, and before parting let us pay a tribute of admiration to Arrigo Boito for his share in the achievement; if Boito had not written his *Falstaff*, Verdi would not have written his.

Passing now to the performance, we may say at once that that was in many respects excellent, and, as far as the title-part is concerned, even superior to the famous *La Scala première*. Signor Pessina makes a most excellent Sir John. The counterpart of M. Maurel in every detail of make-up, costume, and attitudes, he has a much higher degree of *vis comica*, and he has a fine voice. Next in point of merit comes Signor Pini-Corsi, a model Mr. Ford; then we would place Mme. Zilli, Signor Beduschi, Messrs. Arimondi, Armandi, and Pelagalli-Rosetti. Mlle. Giulia Ravogli was not equal to Mrs. Quickly. To put it very mildly, the part does not suit her. Signor Mancinelli conducted admirably; it was quite a *rêveil du lion*. The movements he took were all very exact, though we fancy that a dotted crotchet = 125 (second tableau of first act) should be taken faster. The music of *Falstaff* and the allegros of Verdi, this time, are unlike any other music or allegros. *Falstaff*, a conception of utmost gaiety, bursting out like a roar of laughter, is alive with a kind of romping humour; the music does not flow, but rather runs away, therefore the movements must be always taken right at the limit of their metronomical indication, and it is almost better to sin here through excess than through moderation. The costumes, scenery, and the staging were fully satisfactory. *Falstaff* does not admit of much fancy in either; but there are certain elaborate directions not always convenient to follow, and these were executed very well. The production of *Falstaff*, following but a few days after the *première* of *Manon*, is an event which honours the management of Sir Augustus Harris.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Indian Government has announced this week a loan of 6 millions sterling in London. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the Government borrowed in the shape of Treasury Bills 6 millions sterling last year. Of these it renewed a couple of weeks ago 2 millions sterling, so that there remain 4 millions sterling, and the Secretary of State has apparently decided—and in our opinion very wisely—that there is no chance of being able to pay off those 4 millions of bills when they fall due, and that it is most prudent, therefore, to fund them at once. Furthermore, the Budget announced that the Government intended to borrow 2,300,000*l.* in gold in London during the year. Adding this sum to the Treasury Bills which will begin to mature next month, we get very little more than the amount which the Government has decided to borrow. No doubt the loan will be a marked success; indeed, it went at once to a premium, showing that the credit of India has not suffered in London either from its admitted financial embarrassments or from the scare that was recently got up. But, although the credit of India is satisfactorily good, the outlook is certainly not at all pleasant. The Indian Government, when it closed the mints at the end of June, fixed, as far as it could, the value of the rupee at 1*s.* 4*d.* of our money. But the India Council this week sold its bills at a very small fraction over 1*s.* 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* of our money per rupee. It follows that the rupee is worth now only about 80 per cent. of the value which the Indian Government attempted to give it at the end of last June. We wish we could believe that the depreciation of the rupee is at an end. But we greatly fear that it is not so—that, in fact, the rupee will fall considerably more. And, unfortunately, the state of trade in India is very depressed. The exports this year have been exceptionally small, and so the India Council has not been able to sell its drafts on the usual scale. Those who are in favour of the policy of closing the mints contend that the badness of trade is not due to the policy of the Government, but to the extremely low prices of all kinds of produce in Europe. Those who condemn that policy admit that prices are ruinously low; but they maintain, at the same time, that the closing of the mints has handicapped India in her competition with other countries, and so has very seriously lessened her trade. Whichever view readers may choose to take, the fact remains, at all events, that trade is exceedingly de-

pressed, and that, therefore, the demand for the Council's drafts is very small. The active export season is now coming to an end. For the next five or six months, even if times were good, we might reasonably expect a very small demand for the Council's drafts. But, as matters stand, with trade in so bad a way, it is reasonable to anticipate that either the demand for the Council's drafts will be less than it has ever been known to be before, or else that it will have to be stimulated by constant reductions of the price of the drafts. If the price is much further reduced, the Government will have a very serious deficit at the end of the year. If the price is not reduced, the Council will be unable to sell, as it was unable to sell for so many months last year, and then it will have to borrow still more in London. But every million that it borrows in London adds materially to the embarrassments of the Government, for it augments by so much the home charges, and ever afterwards, therefore, compels the India Council to increase the bills it offers for sale. So far as the Council is concerned, then, its difficulties are very serious and very perplexing. If it sells freely, it makes the Government's deficit formidable; if it refuses to sell, it has to take the responsibility of borrowing largely in London. And behind all this is the question, Would the Secretary of State allow of much borrowing in London? and, if he did, would his colleagues support him in such a policy? The rapid fall in the value of the rupee as a matter of course is telling very detrimentally upon the cotton trade. While the rupee was kept at 1*s.* 3*d.*, or thereabouts, merchants eagerly sent out cotton goods to India. The orders placed in the second half of last year were so large, indeed, that they have not even yet been fully executed. But as the value of the rupee has declined the profitability of these transactions has declined with it, and now we have come to a point when it is said to be impossible, or almost impossible, to export cotton piece goods to India at a profit. The high value of the rupee, on the other hand, checked exports from India, and made it impossible for Indian merchants to export at a profit to China, Japan, the Straits Settlements, and French India. The fall in the value of the rupee is unquestionably favourable to the exporter. But, unfortunately for him, the rupee is not yet down to its intrinsic or silver value, and, therefore, he is handicapped in his competition with the silver-using countries, and he is embarrassed likewise in exporting to those silver-using countries. Lastly, the India Council having been unable to sell its drafts last year at all freely, the Indian Government was compelled to lock up large amounts of money in the Presidency Treasuries, with the result that money has become scarce in India, and that the rates of interest and discount have been raised very high. High rates, of course, are especially hard to bear when trade is bad and credit has had a shock, so that dear money adds to the other causes that are depressing trade. With embarrassed finances, bad trade, and dear money, it is not surprising that all sorts of disquieting rumours should be set afloat.

The rate of discount in the open market has fallen below 1 per cent., is indeed very little better than $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the rate of interest for short loans is about $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Gold continues to come in from abroad in exceptionally large amounts. During the week ended Wednesday night as much as 877,000*l.* was received by the Bank of England, and large amounts are on the way from South Africa, Australia, the United States, and India. Heretofore India has annually imported about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling for a long time past, but now gold is being exported in considerable amounts. Gold is being shipped from New York likewise in very large amounts. It is evident, therefore, that money will continue exceedingly cheap for a long time to come, unless apprehension increases, especially respecting the United States. It is clear that the American currency is altogether redundant, and that paper is driving gold out of circulation. The gold is chiefly being taken from the Treasury, and, unless the Treasury borrows a considerable amount, fears are certain to arise that it will be unable to meet its gold obligations. The difficulty is that President Cleveland has lost influence with the Democratic party, that Congress cannot be induced to pass an Act authorizing him to borrow at a low rate of interest, and that he is naturally unwilling to borrow at a high rate. It is possible, therefore, that there may be an alarm in New York.

The India Council has been very successful this week in selling its drafts. On Wednesday it offered for tender 60 lakhs, and sold 54 lakhs at 1*s.* 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* per rupee. Subse-

quently it sold about 30 lakhs by private contract, at prices ranging from 18. 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. to 18. 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per rupee. It is to be recollected that very little had been bought for some weeks previously, that the money market in India is still very stringent, and that the announcement of the new Indian loan of 6 millions sterling induced the market to believe that the Council would be able to hold out for higher prices for some months to come. On the other hand, we must not forget that the active export season is now drawing rapidly to a close, and that the Council, therefore, will have great difficulty in selling for the next six months. Next Wednesday, it is announced, the Council will offer only 50 lakhs for tender. The price of silver is fluctuating between 28 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. and 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per ounce. Early in the week there was a very strong demand for the metal for China, and sales from the United States fell off. Later in the week the Chinese demand eased off.

Business in the stock markets is still very scanty, though for the last day or two there has been a somewhat better feeling. This is partly due to the success with which the India Council was able to sell its drafts on Wednesday, and partly to some slight recovery in the market for American railroad securities. The recovery is only temporary, and is due to mere speculative manipulation. There is really no change for the better in the condition of the United States; on the contrary, matters are rather growing worse. There are hopes, it is true, that the Tariff Bill will very soon now be carried through Congress in some form or other; but, on the other hand, the exports of gold are becoming seriously large, and the Treasury's reserve of the metal is dangerously small. Trade, too, is still very depressed. There is no revival of confidence, and employment is very scarce. The premium on gold at Buenos Ayres continues to rise. It has been as high this week as 316 per cent.; in other words, 100 gold dollars now exchange for 416 paper dollars. From this it is generally inferred that politics are causing alarm, and that the country is unable to make the payments in gold which it has undertaken to make. On Wednesday there was a report, indeed, that there had been a modification of the Cabinet—one Radical being admitted to office—and there was some recovery in the market. But a mere modification of the Cabinet will do little; a complete change in the whole system of Government is required, and especially a serious attempt to deal with the depreciation of the currency. The Continental Bourses are as inactive as the London Stock Exchange, the fall of the French Cabinet having made a bad impression abroad as well as in Paris. Still, trade is steadily reviving, though slowly, at home and upon the Continent, and in commercial circles there is decidedly a better feeling than there has been for the past four years. There is also a fair amount of investment going on, though the public is confining its purchases almost entirely to the very best classes of securities, and the prices of these are now excessively high. The caution of investors is to be commended, but we are inclined to think that they are carrying it a little too far, that they are pushing up the prices of certain classes of securities too rapidly, and are neglecting some other securities which are really safe. Still, that is a good fault; the main thing is that the public should avoid speculation. There are too many dangers ahead to make risk of any kind prudent.

The rise in the very best classes of securities still continues. Consols closed on Thursday at 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$ s; and Cape of Good Hope Three and a Half closed at 105 $\frac{1}{4}$ s, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$ s. Indian Sterling Threes, however, closed at 99 $\frac{1}{4}$ s, a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$ s—the issue price of the new loan, also bearing 3 per cent. interest, being 98. In Home Railway stocks there has been a further general advance. Caledonian Undivided closed on Thursday at 127, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$ s; London and South-Western Undivided closed at 193, a rise of 1; Great Eastern closed at 79, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ s; and Great Northern Preferred Ordinary closed at 114 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Although there was a recovery on Wednesday and Thursday in the American market, there is a fall generally on the week. To begin with the speculative stocks, which are entirely unfit for investors, Atchison shares closed on Thursday at 10, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$ s; Union Pacific shares closed at 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ s, a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ s; and Northern Pacific Preference shares closed at 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ s, a fall of

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Coming next to the shares which sometimes pay dividends, and sometimes do not, Milwaukee closed at 60, a fall of 1; and Louisville and Nashville closed at 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Coming next to the more speculative kind of bonds, we find that Denver Fours closed on Thursday at 76, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$ s, and that Erie Seconds closed at 75, a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Coming, in the last place, to the dividend-paying shares, we find that Illinois closed at 92 $\frac{1}{4}$ s, a fall of 1, and that New York Central closed at 99, a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. There is some slight improvement in the Argentine Government stocks; but Argentine railway stocks are lower for the week. Thus, Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed on Thursday at 51-3, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1, and Central Argentine closed at 57, also a fall of 1. Brazilian Four and a Half per Cents closed at 70, a rise of 1. In the inter-Bourse department prices have been well maintained; but, with two exceptions, there is no very great change. The two exceptions are notable, however. German Threes, which have moved so little for a long time past, closed on Thursday at 89, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 2; and Bulgarian Six per Cents closed at 103, a rise of as much as 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.

THE THEATRES.

IT is now some two years ago that *Marriage*, by Messrs. Brandon Thomas and Henry Keeling, was produced at a *matinée*, and displayed such and so many good qualities that its revival in a more permanent way could be regarded only as a matter of time. It has now taken its place in the evening programme at the Court Theatre. To class it definitely is a matter of some difficulty. The plot and incidents are clearly improbable enough for farce; but the treatment is frequently not only comedy, but at times pathetic comedy. The scheme of the work is quaintly fantastic; but in its elaboration the authors have displayed feeling which would have been more appropriate, though it is grateful here, in a more seriously designed play. Without paying any too particular attention to the views of the authors and their creations on marriage, we may look upon it as an effort which comes near to being a fine work, and the satirical didactics are not so extreme that any one need take offence at them, while they are far from wearisome. The satire is bright, pungent, and direct, the character-drawing, in respect alike of sentiment and humour, admirably fresh and definite, and the dialogue light, polished, and graceful. Excellent acting on all hands was brought to bear in the representation of the play. Miss Lena Ashwell thoroughly understood the scope and feeling of the part of Lady Belton, the young wife who brings divorce proceedings against her husband on account of a supposed pre-nuptial infidelity. The earnestness of Miss Ashwell's performance did much to neutralize the absurdity of Lady Belton's conduct, and in the end only the touching affection of the wife was remembered, and the clashing element of comicality was forgotten. An elderly solicitor, the adviser of so many parties with conflicting—or, at least, inconsistent—interests that the Incorporated Law Society would probably take unfriendly notice of him in fact, was played by Mr. Mackintosh with the calm, precise, not to say stiff, dignity of a modern Tulkynghorne. It was an excellent little piece of comedy-acting, and worthy of Mr. Mackintosh's reputation. The most purely droll impersonation was the Chumbleigh of Mr. C. P. Little; a character who speaks but little, but speaks that little long—that is, with a drawl.

A revival of a totally different character is that of *Money* at the Garrick Theatre. The time has arrived when it is rather difficult to deal with Lord Lytton's play for stage production. It is hardly old enough, even did it possess higher qualifications, to be treated as a costume play. On the other hand, it is almost impossible to modernize the costumes and allusions, wholly or in part, with any satisfactory result, and this fact is plainly discernible in the present revival. The scene between Lady Franklin and Mr. Graves has been embellished with some entirely unnecessary allusions in some detail and at some length to something approaching skittishness on the part of the "sainted Maria," all the tradesmen's scene with Dudley Smooth has been cut out, and Smooth's part is now only some thirty lines in length—in fact, nothing is left of it but the bare skeleton, or rather a bone or two. This

remnant was played with finish and adroitness by Mr. Charles Brookfield; but it cannot be said that the actor had a fair chance. The hand of the innovator is perceptible everywhere, though not always with such unfortunate results. If the very excellence of Mr. Forbes Robertson's acting as Evelyn at times displayed more than ever the artificial character of the hero's speeches, the earnestness, force, and romantic spirit of his performance were not only admirable in themselves, but induced forgetfulness of the more serious defects in Evelyn's character, while the quiet, subdued tone of Miss Kate Rorke's Clara was pathetic throughout. Sprightliness and energy were the chief characteristics now, as heretofore, of Mrs. Bancroft's Lady Franklin. Her vivacity and the melancholy humours of the Graves of Mr. Arthur Cecil made the scene highly diverting. Mr. John Hare's Sir John Vesey is a no less familiar impersonation, and is as finished a piece of character-acting as ever. Since so much has been done to modernize the play, it might have been well to omit the business in which Sir John dodges round the table in the card scene, looking under the members' arms and over their heads. It is far too undignified, and Sir John's very real anxiety might have well been expressed in some less farcical manner. The idea of such a game played in a public room of a club, and surrounded by a noisy crowd of onlookers, can only be excused on the ground of its theatrical effectiveness.

With *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *La Locandiera*, Signora Duse completes her repertory for the present season in London, and exhibits her tragic and her comic gift side by side. The preference lies with the latter. The Santuzza of Verga's drama is a much less fanciful and less artificial creature than the character in the opera. She is a far more lifelike, if slightly less stagily picturesque a person. In depicting her, Signora Duse had recourse to a violence of expression scarcely pleasant either to eye or ear. The Signora's gesture, admirably restrained as a rule, would be more effective if greater variety could be imparted to it. In *La Locandiera* she is seen at her best. The arch coquettishness, the agreeable, subtly modulated voice, in rapid and varied speech, suit her natural manner, and her gesture, if again limited in range, has the appearance of absolute spontaneity. In the flirtation scenes with *La Locandiera*'s eager suitors, her comedy method—light, quick, and graceful—was as alert and tactful as could be desired, and in the hostess's final acceptance of her own head-waiter the cynical humour of the situation was tinged with an admirably indicated element of tenderness on the part of the actress, and the sweet, distinct enunciation of the closing lines was worthy of the highest praise. The coquettish treatment of her lovers by *Mirandolina* is absolutely the best thing Signora Duse has given us, and certainly nearer to the intention of Goldini than her other impersonations have been to that of any author she has essayed to interpret. Her support was uniformly excellent.

REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF TRADE-UNIONISM.

The History of Trade-Unionism. By Sidney Webb and Beatrice Webb. London and New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1894.

THE enthusiasm of friends has, perhaps, with more kindness than judgment, hastened to dub the work of Mr. and Mrs. Webb with the imposing name of masterpiece. We trust it is not only because we are much less in love with the Trade-Union than the authors or their effusive friends that we think a much more modest title will do. Their *History of Trade-Unionism* is a good and, we feel convinced, an honest piece of work. It is—what is no small merit nowadays—written in generally unaffected English. Now and then a certain tendency to gush may be noted; but it is decently restrained, and the only acutely absurd phrase which will strike a fastidious reader is on p. 142, where he is informed that a "great surge of solidarity . . . rendered possible the gigantic enlistments of the Grand National and its unprecedented regiments of agricultural labourers and women." What this means is that in 1833 the success of some earlier Trade-Unions set going a *Schwärmerei* among the labourers, which went off in a great burst of enthusiasm, and ended swiftly in a collapse. But such examples of the French-English of Florac, degraded by the pedantry of quarter-educated journalism, are not common. It would be cruel, and possibly rather unfair, to wither the

book by putting a page or two of Cobbett alongside it; but, as compared to the deboshed twaddle and pretentious bluster common with the ship's company to which Mr. and Mrs. Webb belong, it is respectable in style. Of the contents, which are naturally of exclusive importance in books not belonging to literature, it is possible to speak with more hearty approval. The authors have collected a multitude of facts. It would, in many cases, be quite impossible to test their accuracy, for their authorities have been sometimes obscure pamphlets, and sometimes mere personal recollections. Yet, after testing them where they can be tested, and judging from internal evidence, we do not think that the authors have falsified their evidence. Indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Webb are so well pleased with the Trade-Unions that they have no temptation to conscious colour or concealment. So their book possesses this very considerable virtue, that it will enable the reader to judge for himself.

The account given of the earlier Trade-Unions is interesting and fairly critical. Mr. and Mrs. Webb decide, on good grounds, that they cannot be shown to have any connexion with the old guilds to which efforts have been made to attach them. Indeed, as they clearly show, the two things are radically different. The Union, which is a combination of workmen to keep up wages, is a result of the factory system. It could not exist in a time of many small employers, or when the workman owned his own tools, worked in his own house, and sold his produce at the fair, which was the case with many trades. In the earlier stage of the Union, when the new and the old systems of industry were for a short time struggling with one another, cases are to be found in which the small or "domestic" employers endeavoured to fight their big enemy the factory owner by combinations with his workmen. The small employer and the journeyman workman were always ready to join for the purpose of making use of the "Statute of Apprentices" against rivals. When the new strong system had killed the old, the Union had the field to itself. It came into existence at the end of the last century and beginning of this. No doubt it may in some cases have started from older workmen's societies, which may be heard of as combining to keep up wages and meeting at "houses of call" as far back as the seventeenth century. But these merely supplied the starting point and the first rough machinery. The thing itself was new, and was the direct consequence of the spread of the factory system.

It is, we presume, unnecessary to tell even a moderately well informed reader that Mr. and Mrs. Webb find it all very admirable. If they cannot approve of the Union, it is when they gently, very gently, reprove it for its methods of coercion, or with much greater briskness rebuke it for sinking, as quite respectable Unions have been known to do, into mere middle-class economics, such as the belief that prices must regulate wages, or that freedom does not only mean the right of the wage-earner to be free from loss. There is some amusement to be got now and then in what, after all, is a very serious volume, by comparing the motherly kindness of the authors to rattening, and so forth, with the emphatic tartness of their comments on the combinations of employers. The Lord Londonderry of 1844 is soundly scolded for his drastic methods with the strikers on his Durham collieries. Yet when Lord Londonderry warned the shopkeepers in "his town of Seaham" not to encourage the workmen engaged in "an unjust and senseless warfare against their proprietors and masters," under pain of incurring his displeasure, he was only doing what the Union does whenever it can. But we do not expect Mr. and Mrs. Webb to hold the balance even. It is enough that they do not suppress the facts. We are perfectly satisfied to find them confessing, as they do, that when the Unions professed to desire only freedom for the workmen they were "canting." They did not, and the authors are plainly of opinion that they could not, rationally wish all workmen to be free to work for any wage they chose to take. They were bound to aim at securing the power to prevent all workmen from working except on the terms approved by the Union. The history of the struggle for that curious version of freedom is told with sympathy, as was to be expected. It may be allowed that the historian of Trade-Unionism has a case against the efforts which were so persistently made to oppose the workman's liberty to combine. They were sometimes harsh, sometimes foolish, and essentially unfair as between master and man. We cannot learn that the men had any very terrible martyrdom to endure. Their victory came very quickly. Mr. and Mrs. Webb show that all the essentials were won by a little ingenious lobbying on the part of Place, the Trade-Union manager, who must have possessed the faculties of a wire-puller and caucus manager to a very eminent degree. It must not be forgotten, too, that some of these early Unions had a way of meeting in secret conclaves with "skeletons" and other "regalia," which looked bad. Moreover, others of them were in

the habit of beating workmen who interpreted the word freedom in the current sense. It is not altogether wonderful that these features of the movement excited some prejudice in the legal mind. Yet, we say again, the Unions won very easily, and it was but a short time before the two great political parties were eagerly bidding for their support. No little sardonic amusement is to be got from reading how the Liberals were too wedded to middle-class economics to take the right line with the Unions at one time, and were deftly "dished" by the (accidentally) alert Conservative, and then again how Mr. Gladstone saw the mistake and amended it, with the happiest results.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb will not be surprised if the reading of their book has not led us to take the same view of Trade-Unions as themselves. It has, in fact, left us asking once more what good they have in the long run done to the working class, and doubting as much as ever whether they have returned anything in proportion to what they have directly, or indirectly, cost. The good they have done to individuals is patent. One of the most curious features of this interesting book is the long list of men who, by the help of the Union, have been enabled to cease to "labour" in the sense in which it uses the word itself. Be it observed we bring no charge of self-seeking against these leaders. We will allow that what happened was inevitable. An organization must be managed by somebody who cannot afford to spend his day in using a file or a hammer. If it becomes political in character, as the Unions have largely done (and we will again allow that this also was inevitable), he is still more bound to be free from the obligation to do manual work. But, after all, the fact remains that the Unions have helped a long string of stirring men to force their way into the "unproductive" class of talkers and writers, to enter Parliament, to obtain under-secretaryships, inspectorships, pensions, and now and then shares. Granted that it was all honestly done and honestly won—what good has it brought to the members of the Union in return for their subscriptions and sufferings in strikes? In one respect it has been of benefit. Some of the older and richer Unions have been excellent friendly societies. Allan, the secretary of the great Engineers' Union, was an admirable man of business, with an immense faculty for work. Under his management the funds of the Union were obviously of incalculable advantage to the members and were administered to perfection. But we find that Allan, who by the way was never member of Parliament, under-secretary, inspector, or shareholder, when he had slaved his life out for the Union, came in his old age to be considered as little better than a reactionary, an obstacle, and almost a foe in the house of "Labour." One thing stands out very clearly in Mr. and Mrs. Webb's book, and it is the fact which makes the Trade-Unions of to-day so angry when it is quoted against them—namely, that they have never succeeded in keeping up the rate of wages in bad times. Again and again we are told how, after a period of apparent triumph in prosperous times, the Unions have been "routed" by the employers when the reaction of depression followed. What at such times the Union does is to aggravate the loss of the working class by provoking hopeless strikes. A rather dismal consciousness of this truth is obvious towards the end of the book when the authors confess how utterly impossible it is to get better terms, or to keep on getting the same terms, from employers who are making such small profits that they are ready to give up business altogether. The authors are, as we know, inclined to look for the remedy in some mysterious thing which the New Unionism is to do in the way of rearranging the world from top to bottom. They talk characteristically of "the superior attractiveness of this buoyant faith over anything offered by the almost cynical fatalism of the old school." There is a superior attractiveness in the buoyant faith of boyhood that it is possible to live in Marryat's novels or the *Arabian Nights*; but the cynical fatalism of experience shows that this faith has much in it which is delusive.

We are compelled to omit notice of much which is of interest in this book. But there is one expression of opinion in it so characteristic of the New Unionism that we cannot but point it out. The authors are of opinion that the obligation to support your Union is akin to the obligation of "citizenship"—by which we presume they mean the legal obligation to obey the law, and the moral obligation to be "true and just in all our dealings." Now, on their own showing, the Unions have never included more than a small minority of workmen, and are voluntary associations. If the authors really think that such bodies as these are akin to the State, they cannot be complimented on the precision of their ideas. But they have doubtless not thought things out so fully. What this phrase of theirs really means is that a Union animated by a buoyant hope ought to be supported by every honest man, and that all who oppose it are wicked people. Mr. and Mrs. Webb deplore violence, of course, though

mildly. They only reprobate the blackleg. It is for the pickets to throw him into the docks, rattle his tools, break his legs, and explode dynamite at his house-door. This is an extremely convenient division of Labour for the friend of humanity, who can by its help grow warm over the magnificent dock strike and its sympathetic leader, leaving the rough work of enforcing the obligation of citizenship to other hands.

NOVELS AND STORIES.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. Bristol: Arrowsmith; London: Simpkin Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co., Lim.

The Temple of Death. By Edmund Mitchell. London: Hutchinson & Co.

Speedwell. By Lady Guendolen Ramsden. London: Bentley & Son, 1894.

A Threefold Mystery. By Constance Serjeant. London: Elliot Stock, 1894.

Anguish. By Emilio Montanaro. London: Henry & Co. 1894.

England Against the World. By John Littlejohns. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S new variation on the old dramatic theme *A King and No King*, for such *The Prisoner of Zenda* is, although it owes nothing whatever to the old play, is notable for a clever and extremely ingenious design, and still more notable for the brilliant execution of the design. That blessed word "Heredity" is likely to occur to the reader of the first few pages; but the thing itself, the pseudo-scientific thing, lifts not its horrid head and multiple issues for a single page to chill the romantic spirit. Mr. Hope's story is, in fact, a romance of the high romantic fashion, with a dash of extravagance that gives a truly piquant flavour. From the setting forth of the action in the second chapter we are caught up in the seventh circle of the heaven of romance, amidst the gust and flaw of human passions and prodigious deeds of arms and chivalry, the action of which is astonishing for swiftness of movement and surprising developments that rob you almost of breath. You feel something of the fine transport of the whirlwind on some misty mountain's top. No doubt the old seasoned novel-reader will make his mental forecast, stage by stage, as he progresses with the story; but it is more than likely that he will find his prognostics all vanity, even to the last scene of the stirring drama. Yet *The Prisoner of Zenda* is a romance of these times. There are railways in Ruritania—which we take to be some semi-Oriental kingdom of Europe—and all the shows of modern life existing amicably with unscrupulous barons with their moated castles, like Udolpho, and their hired bravos and other picturesque retainers. The romance turns on the personation of the king by a young Englishman whom an idle whim has carried to Ruritania to witness the king's coronation. Owing to a little family affair, a century old at the opening of the story, this Englishman bears a striking resemblance to the reigning family of Ruritania. He has the red hair and long nose of the house of Elphberg. Now and again one of the Rassandylls, of whom the Earl of Bursledon is head, shows these remarkable signs. Chance throws the Englishman into the society of the uncrowned king and two of his boon companions the evening before the coronation day, and the king, in great good humour, welcomes Rassandyll as his cousin. They form a too convivial supper party at quarters assigned to the king in the Castle of Zenda, by his enemy, "Black Michael," Duke of Strelsau, the king's rival in more senses than one. Here the initial catastrophe, the fruitful source of vexatious complications, is reached by the king drinking one last bottle of wine of a rare vintage, specially reserved for him by the duke, and most cunningly drugged. The result is that, in the morning, when they should start for the capital, the king is as a dead man, and it becomes a plot of State to induce the Englishman to shave his beard and play the Royal part. It is a risky business, of course, but the emergency is acute, and the enterprise is so audaciously plotted it merits the success that attends it. Here the romance starts on its course. We do not propose to paraphrase the story. That were to do the author wrong, for not the least merit in Mr. Hope's book lies in Rassandyll's telling of the story. It is enough to say that we cannot conceive any one taking it up who should lay it down without drinking his fill of excitement.

The Temple of Death is also not without exciting elements, though the excitement is administered by less persuasive means. There are circumstances in Mr. Mitchell's not unskilful story that might justify that kind of dry questioning criticism of small matters which the matter-of-fact person affects. We detest the ordinary attitude of the incredulous towards wondrous romances, and love not the meagre cavilling of such. But Mr. Mitchell has certainly strained the already sufficiently tried muscles of the

arm of coincidence somewhat overmuch in one or two matters. That a native prince in India should be head of a priestly sect devoted to certain bloodthirsty and mysterious rites held in secret cave-temples is a poetic circumstance, no doubt, as other wondrous inventions may be, yet is it not the less a prodigious thing in these days. And that this same native ruler should have abducted the infant daughter of Harcourt Suddleigh, a political agent of the Indian Government, and preserved her in his zenana until of ripe age, with no other purpose than to sacrifice her to Yama, is even more prodigious. Still, a story or a play may have an improbable plot, and yet be so powerfully and plausibly set forth as to be acceptable, even to fascination. Mr. Mitchell's story is not wanting in passages of power and of imagination. The opening scene of the strange murder on board the yacht is skilfully devised, and the description of the temple of Yama, its priesthood and rites, is not lacking in a wild grandeur. What we are disposed to question is the exceeding improbability that so many Europeans, strange to the country as some of them are, should be engaged in the plot of rescuing Suddleigh's daughter and evade discovery. Only one person suffers, and that person only through his rashly curious and thievish disposition. He is crushed in the arms of the great image of Yama, just as he would be robbing it of its jewels—a fate that reminds us of the old stories of the mechanical armament of Chinese rock tombs, by which an intruder was of a sudden transfixed by a flight of arrows, or decapitated by a keen blade descending from the roof.

There is very little "story" in *Speedwell*; but it is an interesting story of the simplest kind, and told in excellent style. It is not every day that we take up a book so free from defects of manner and expression as Lady Guendolen Ramsden's novel, which reveals good workmanship and careful finish both in the sketching of character and in the treating of incident. The story is somewhat sad, at least with regard to the fate and fortunes of the chief character, who is an attractive widow of the kind to be met with in old-fashioned fiction, whose married life has left her somewhat disenchanted, and given to good works without ostentation. She honestly believes her heart to be invulnerable, and is content to be devoted to her London slum labours, her friends, and her pretty niece. Her philosophy of experience is, however, gradually disorganized by the attentions paid to her by a young, good-looking, fascinating *attaché* whom she meets at a country house. This young man possesses the extremely rare defect of underestimating, or indeed of ignoring, the magic of his charms. So much at least we must assume, since it is plain that he is innocent of flirtation, and, being as clever as he is engaging, he cannot be charged with obtuseness. It is a case of elective affinities, and with admirable delicacy is it presented to the reader. Well drawn also, and with a fine eye for diverse humours, are other members of the gathering at the country house. When the pretty niece, whose Irish vivacity is cleverly depicted, appears on the scene, the young *attaché* is gradually persuaded that he is in love with her, although he keeps up his friendly, not to say tender, relations with the aunt. Hence there spring a not unnatural misunderstanding and a cruel awakening for the elder lady, the pathos of which is the more telling by reason of the author's quiet and unobtrusive treatment. That the young man should win neither woman is a just measure of retribution.

There are more mysteries than three in *A Threefold Mystery*. It is a mystery how stories so flabby and flat come to be published; and another mystery that there should be any readers of such, save the conscientious, long-suffering reviewer. The book deals mainly with the love affairs of two exceedingly ingenuous young English girls at Monte Carlo; with which rather depressing matters are intermingled some oddly incongruous and wholly puerile "religious" reflections. One of the frank young damsels of the story has a mysterious admirer, whom she first meets on the Dover boat. At the Hotel des Anglaises, as it is written, he disguises himself and passes as the hotel "secretary." His conquest is an easy one, despite the strange whispers that pass concerning her "Paul," as the gushing young woman's strange lover is called. We are heartily weary of both long before Paul, as it would seem, shoots himself, at Monte Carlo, to avoid arrest for forgery. In the end, however, he turns up again as a clergyman—a wonderful preacher, a reformed gambler, and so forth—just in time to restore the young woman to the wits his supposed suicide had robbed her of. His account of his adventures, of the benevolent proprietors of the Monte Carlo establishment, and his explanation of many years' absence, form a chaos of things "gay and foolish indeed." There are two Pauls, it seems—but that way madness lies.

We are sorry to disappoint the friendly anticipations of Mr. J. T. Grein, but it is really impossible to make a pother, one way or another, about Mr. Montanaro's *Anguish*. Far be it from us to express any desire to rob Mr. Montanaro of his tropical phrases and

eccentric diction, but if these were taken from his writing, what would remain of his novel? If the author prefers to describe a well-attired young woman as "a maiden in a supple gown," we find no occasion to rave or lose our head. Mr. Montanaro undoubtedly possesses the artistic temperament. In the present sketch, absurdly called "a Novel," he reminds us of the medium of some oracle, vainly essaying the utterance of the unutterable. Worse than tantalizing is it to be bidden, as in the following passage, to "see the musical rhythms in his ear":—

'And now behold the orange sound of her voice sparkling in his ear, and him awakening from his unconscious dreaming. See the moving of her figure, and the musical rhythms in his ear as she glides along—rhythms of grace dragging him onward behind this apparition of musical lines; and he, unconscious of his doings, chained, soul and body, eye and ear.'

To describe within reasonable space a story so rambling and confused as *England Against the World* is simply impossible. We have wrestled with its tedious complexities and its tortuous style, and find no way of giving even a slight notion of the wondrous maze. The reading of it is like being lost in a network of backwaters in some featureless and flat country. One of the characters delivers an "oration" which occupies some fifty pages of the total of four hundred and forty, and yet we get "no forrader" for all the wisdom and eloquence of it. The story deals with a lost heir and strange mistaken identities, and of all stories of lost heirs and "doubles," or twin indistinguishable brothers, *England Against the World* is by far the most astonishing. Among other wild imaginings we have a Society for the Perpetuation of Human Life, whose Bedlamite proceedings are set forth in the sixth chapter. As to the style, we can but quote a sample, since it must be admitted that it speaks for itself:—

'Iron-bound coasts were impotent to arrest the progress of the storm. Clouds and liquid mountains rose and fell in an embrace of death; volumes of nature's music swept their harmonies around to commemorate the victories which it had won. Eternity's emblem was making a gigantic effort to secure its primitive dominion over the world.'

TWO MONOGRAPHS ON ROSSETTI.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Movement. By Esther Wood. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1894.

The Portfolio. No. 5. New Series. Dante Gabriel Rossetti. By F. G. Stephens. London: Seeley.

IT is an interesting coincidence that two monographs on Rossetti should have appeared nearly at the same moment, one written with considerable and the other with unsurpassed competence of actual knowledge, and both equipped with unusual adornments of design. Mrs. Wood's book is a very pretty foolscap quarto (perhaps the prettiest of all book shapes), well bound and amply margined. It contains by way of embellishment and comment full-page plates in various kinds of heliogravure of "The Day Dream," "Ancilla Domini," "Mary Magdalene at Simon's Door," "Pandora," "Beata Beatrix," "The Boat of Love," a "Head of Christ" study, and "Our Lady of Pity"—a selection with which we have only one fault to find, that it represents too fully, if not exclusively, one side of Rossetti's art and temperament. There should have been some such pieces (and more than one of them) as "Lucrezia Borgia," "Bocca Baciata," "Venus Verticordia," and "Lilith." Mr. Stephens's monograph—in that transformation of the *Portfolio* which at once makes it more valuable than ever as a reference-book and record of art, and increases its attraction to the buyer of odd numbers a hundredfold—has a very large number, to some of which we shall refer presently, of drawings in the text. But it presents as well four full-sized and independent plates, which are "Venus Verticordia," "Dante on the Anniversary of the Death of Beatrice," "Found," and "Proserpine." Two others of the works which we have mentioned above as typical, the "Lucrezia" and the "Lilith," are also included on a good scale among the in-text cuts. We are sorry that neither volume contains a reproduction of either "Bocca Baciata" or "Monna Vanna," which are, perhaps, Rossetti's greatest triumphs in a certain direction. Otherwise the illustrations in the *Portfolio*, and still more those in the two publications, will give anybody who has "seen with eyes" (pardon these affectations, pray you!) even a single characteristic example of the painter's colour a very good idea of his general work. For, although the unlearned and ignorant sometimes fancy that black and white can never reproduce the work of particularly gorgeous colourists, it ought to be needless to say that it is just the other way. If the original colours have been rightly juxtaposed, the black and white will give the just equation of them in a manner infinitely preferable to that of a poor coloured copy. But, of course, it requires a

rather unusual apprenticeship and some power of divination to discern from black and white examples, no coloured original of which has ever been seen, the exact scheme of hues peculiar to a given artist.

Mr. Stephens's familiarity with the facts is so notorious and unimpeachable that we need make no comment, or hardly any, on this part of his handling. Much—perhaps too much—has been written about the P. R. B.; he writes with more authority than most people. And so with other things. One statement, however, rather puzzles us. He says that the original designs for the Tennyson illustrations were "drawn on the blocks direct and cut away by the engraver," though Rossetti repeated some, if not all, in water-colours. But, if this was so, what were the drawings which, as we very well remember, were sold after the artist's death as the designs for these illustrations, and some of which, having been bought by Mr. Fairfax Murray, were exhibited at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition the other day? But this is a small matter. It is much more to the point that Mr. Stephens, thoroughly instructed in the subject, has given a rapid, but not sketchy, account of it which is the best thing of the kind we have yet seen. Sometimes, indeed, Mr. Stephens is a little obscure. He is perfectly right in awarding to Rossetti the highest honours as poet-painter; indeed, there is hardly anybody who can enter into competition with him except Blake. But we do not exactly understand what Mr. Stephens means when he says "in regard to the constructive portion of his genius Rossetti was better equipped in verse than in design." As "genius" is "constructive" or nothing, what is the "constructive portion" of genius? And what constructive effort of Rossetti's in verse is there, exquisite as much of that verse is, which excels such creations as the "Proserpine"—which Mr. Stephens, as truly as enthusiastically, calls "glorious"—as "The Beloved," as "Venus Verticordia," as "Lilith," in its earlier form? But probably we have mistaken Mr. Stephens, and by "construction" he means "technique."

The only thing that we miss in this monograph (and probably there was no room for it) is a short but thorough and "home-driven" exposition and vindication of Rossetti's position and appeal as a painter. That has never been properly done yet, and the general estimates of him (we except Mr. Joseph Knight's, which chiefly deals with him as a writer) are wont to stray into mazes of florid eulogy or else to exhibit either sheer want of comprehension or an instinctive and disabling repugnance. For, odd as it may seem, this latter mood is frequently excited in persons of great excellence by a painter who, to others (let us hope of some excellence, too), seems to have reached and brought down to earth, from wheresoever they dwell, types and examples of beauty that never came to the call or the dreams of any other. It is by no means uncommon to find admissions of what the French call a "troubling" influence in Rossetti's pictures; while, as everybody knows, Philistia has emptied its quiver from the first on the "necks like a tower" and the other physical peculiarities of his favourite faces and forms—peculiarities which it is fair to say he contrived to graft upon those of the most diverse models. Now Mr. Stephens could have given this reasoned exposition and adhortation combined, from the art side, as well as any man living. He has preferred to give rather a reasoned catalogue and biography, and we are by no means ungrateful for this. The comment, as we have said, is always intelligent, instructed, and well affected; and the thirty-three illustrations, some of them from originals which have never, we think, been exhibited in any public collection, are simply invaluable. The fact is, that the collection in the Winter Exhibition eleven years ago at Burlington House ought to have been reproduced as a whole. But, unluckily, it was not.

Mrs. Wood has not confined herself to Rossetti, but has dealt incidentally with all and sundry who can be said to have composed not merely the P. R. B. but the Pre-Raphaelite School. Also she has taken in the painter's poetry as well as the poet's painting. But still the larger—the much larger—part of the work is given to the artist of "Hesterna Rosa" (to which little gem we are glad to see that Mrs. Wood does more justice than we remember to have seen done in print before). And we imagine that it was in her mind to give some such a hortatory criticism or critical exhortation to due and proper enjoyment and honour of the painter as that which we have desiderated above. This laudable and amiable purpose has been not merely accompanied, but to a large extent defeated, by a most unfortunate proclivity to the most tedious and hackneyed kind of modern jargon and "jaw." The very exordium, with its description of Blake as "a sanctified Rabelais run riot in all supernal things" (why "sanctified" and why "supernal" Urizen and Mrs. Wood alone know!), excites the direst fears and suspicions—suspicions and

fears which are too amply justified by what follows. Most uncompromisingly of her time is Mrs. Wood. We are not even delivered from Ibsen, who surely has as little to do with Rossetti's clear colours and stories as Martin Tupper or Martin Scribler. We are pelted with pitiless citations from Mr. Bernard Bosanquet and Mr. J. A. Symonds. Our ears are vexed with the roar and our face with the foam of such grandiloquent *galimatias* "as a wide and crucial phase in the history of a people"; as "that fusion of ethics with æsthetics which will be the task of the twentieth century" (after, we trust, it has achieved the fusion of quaternions with quatern loaves); as "grafting the clean-cut Saxon diction on to the long and languorous habit of the Latin tongue." We meet mere sillinesses such as the inclusion of "Etty, Mulready, and Maclise" among painters who are "only known to students and connoisseurs." The cant of the moment is splashed up on us in such phrases as "to press home on the conscience of a nation the daily re-crucifixion of the Christ in its vast labour-houses." "Sex-theory," it need not be said, is with us; by the way, it is an illustration of sex-theory which makes Mrs. Wood, after speaking of "six young enthusiasts," enumerate eight persons? And every now and then the pent-up deluge of Mrs. Wood's *copia verborum* sweeps out upon us in such examples as the following:—

"Yet if we may risk a paradox, it is precisely in the reality that there lies the potentiality of the life within; behind the physical is abides the spiritual *may be*; the "everlasting no" of the uncompromising realist, sifting, limiting, and analyzing down the human unit into bare and rigid matter, often conceals the hidden hope and promise of the idealist's "everlasting yea." Hence a great portrait is charged to the full with latent possibilities of character and destiny. It suggests forces as well as phenomena, causes as well as effects, inherent tendencies as well as facts. Someone has said that a human face should be either a promise or a history. The definition is too narrow. Every face, save perhaps in childhood, and not always with that exception, contains both promise and history inextricably blended each with each. A great portrait must be passionately personal, intensely individual; presenting one single, complete, and separate identity to the eye and mind, and yet in a very real sense impersonal, having a certain universal, humanitarian significance. For the artist's hand sets the human unit in its place in the great Family; lifts it on to the broad planes of the world's common life. As his eye sees all things, like Spinoza, *sub specie eternitatis*—sees Time in the light of Eternity—so it sees one Man in the light of Humanity. He knows no isolations of being, conceives no man as "living to himself"; but is concerned ever with relationships and imperative sympathies between the subject of his portrait and the rest of mankind; so that the personality that looks forth from his canvas, faithfully and profoundly interpreted by his own, has in it the elements of appeal and challenge, and sends out a radiance of vitality to its spiritual kin."

"Aballiboozabanganorribo!" is the only fit antiphon for this. It may also impress a sense of guilty responsibility on those who have helped to communicate that great Spinozism to a world likely to work it up into such stuff as this, which is all the more irritating because what Mrs. Wood means to say is quite sound, if only it were not whipped and lathered so intolerably.

The plates (especially the delightful frontispiece, the "Pandora," and "Our Lady of Pity"), with some assistance from the author's evidently excellent intentions, may, when the reader has struggled on the bank from this flood of eloquence, put him in some good humour again, especially as Mrs. Wood has in her last chapter been wise enough to quote pretty freely from the poems. The eyes and hair of "Our Lady of Pity" and the cadences of "Rose Mary" shall win pardon for Mrs. Wood, even though in these two last chapters she plunges into wilder mazes than ever. "Moral collectivism," she says, and "poets whose form and substance are perfected in truth and virility," she says, and then she compares Rossetti's water-colours to his ballads, and his oil-colours to his sonnets, and indulges in a thousand other idle gimcrackeries and euphuisms which we have already summed up with what may seem schoolboy rudeness, but what is, in fact, scientific truth, as "jargon and 'jaw.'" So let us end with one critical word to the wise which may not displease Mrs. Wood; for it is in itself something of a conceit, though, we believe, a very sound one. It is false heraldry to speak floridly of a very florid painter or poet. You can hardly—keeping short of such extravagances as we have quoted above—be too eloquent about Dante; you can hardly be too economic of fine language over Rossetti.

THE LOVER'S LEXICON.

The Lover's Lexicon. A Handbook for Novelists, Playwrights, Philosophers, and Minor Poets, but especially for the Enamoured. By Frederick Greenwood. London: Macmillan & Co.

IT has been asserted by some pleasing wit that there are no such things as synonyms in language. They have been called into existence, such as it is, by three chief agencies, of which the first is the habit of loose, inaccurate speaking by the general. Then there is the common insensibility of the multitude to the infinite subtleties of language, which not only tends to limit the popular vocabulary to the most meagre proportions, but reduces speech to mere experimental uses, exposing it to a thousand misconceptions and disorderly conjectures. Lastly, there are the hazy, if not lazy, generalizations of modern dictionary-makers, whose lists of synonyms are fit to make subtle-souled poets fall a-weeping. Mr. Frederick Greenwood, we observe with pleasure, falls not into the facile way of synonymizing in *The Lover's Lexicon*. He disdains to treat of the states and needs of the lover, as if they were simple, and not complex, or readily definable, and not abstruse and elusive. There is something more than praiseworthy in Mr. Greenwood's method, since the example of the poets who have most directly expounded the subject is directly contrary. But Mr. Greenwood is not a maker of sonnets. He presents himself as the guide, philosopher, and friend of the Enamoured. The poets—and we gladly note that Mr. Greenwood is not oblivious of their wants—have ever dealt with Love in a strictly antithetical fashion. Nothing is more opposed to synonym-making than this method. From the earliest of Elizabethan sonneteers to the latest Jacobean—from Thomas Watson, in short, to William Drummond—they delight in representing the pangs and joys of love by paradoxical conceits, in which extremes meet in antithetical verse, as in some elemental chaos. Hot and cold; moist and dry; great and small; pain and bliss; and other opposites, co-exist in the lacerated bosom of the poet. He sustains, with wonderful skill of equipoise, an orderly relation of these bitter and sweet extremities, and as is the height of his exaltation so is the depth of his dejection.

Mr. Greenwood's way is altogether different. His *Lexicon* is not a poetical dictionary, but a practical handbook, learned in exposition, playful in comment, suggestive in illustration. The lover, in his use of language, is ever in extremes. Either his is a mute inglorious state, or he is in a wild and tumultuous eloquence, bewildering to the plain man, though doubtless intelligible to poets and nightingales, and other gifted singers of the unprofessional kind. Mr. Greenwood's volume provides solace for those in the first state of the enamoured, and will temper the indiscreet and indiscriminating exuberance of sufferers from the second amatory condition. At the same time there is nothing of reasoned process in the book. The article "Reason" is rightly absent from the *Lexicon*, although Mr. Greenwood does write of "reasonable young persons" as falling in love at first sight—the best thing, he observes, that could happen to them. But this is said in connexion with the vulgar adage, "It is better to begin with a little aversion." And here, in the first article of the volume, we note the first instance of Mr. Greenwood's wise ignoring of synonyms. Under the heading "Abhorrence" we read "Aversion, however, is not abhorrence, with its strangely close relations to the passion of love." This is well said, and admirable also are the observations on the "abhorrences of things unseemly" that spring up in the train of love. And so with the finer distinctions that belong to "Admiration" and "Adoration"; or to "Charm," "Captivation," "Fascination"; or to "Attentions" and "Courtship"; those who would curiously consider these things cannot but profit by the subtle discernment of Mr. Greenwood's treatment. "Admiration is not love"—nor is adoration, we may add—"nor even akin to it, as pity is." "Coupled with respect" it may make for marriage, observes Mr. Greenwood, yet love may exist without admiration in the lover's mind. This truth is of wider application than belongs to the metaphysics of the lover's state. We recall Dryden's famous use of the terms "love" and "admiration" in his comparison of the comedy of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. Again, devotion, we must agree with Mr. Greenwood, is not adoration. This is one of the mysteries of a mysterious subject, he observes, that the most devoted of husbands do not adore, and wives will adore husbands for qualities that are in no sense adorable. Another mystery is dealt with under the heading "Pity" in the form of a lecture by the Gorton Professor of the Tender Passion. Pity, we are told, is akin to love. It may be, in fact, love's nearest relation. But when this is the case, it is the pity of a generous soul. There is the historical instance of Catherine Boucher and William Blake, fortunate as an example,

and expressly happy as an illustration, when we consider that Blake is the divine singer of pity. It may be, also, that men have loved through pity, though our author, apparently, denies that women are capable of Blake's frank surrender and whole-souled gratitude. "A woman of common sensibility," he remarks, "would almost die of shame at the thought of being married out of pity; and, what is more, she would think none the better of the man who pitied her; by which I mean that she would think none the better of him as a man." This may be true, as a rule, if there should be in her case, as in Blake's, some disdainful Another, since the woman of common sensibility would doubtless continue to worship the quite impossible He. But we have been allured by one aspect of *The Lover's Lexicon* to the exclusion of others of a more practical and not less interesting nature. We are forgetful of the Novelists, for whom Mr. Greenwood has drawn up some pleasant illustrative passages of criticism and deprecation. Thus, with regard to "Lovers' Quarrels," he writes with excellent point on the singular fact that women look "more beautiful than ever," and men more magnificent, when stirred by lovers' quarrels in the fiction of the day. Now the truth, it is soundly contended, is precisely the contrary. In most instances anger makes a beautiful face positively ugly when the fury is strongly expressed, and merely ludicrous when impotently expressed. But Mr. Greenwood does his chastening gently, probably from a firm conviction that novelists and playwrights are in these matters incorrigible.

BRIGHT CELESTIALS.

Bright Celestials: the Chinaman at Home and Abroad. By John Coming, Chinaman. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894.

WHATEVER may be its defects of execution, this volume appeals to our sympathies by the boldness of its design. China, Chinamen, Chinese institutions, customs, and tastes lie, for the ordinary English reader, in the region of the hopelessly unintelligible. All is so remote, so grotesquely strange, so absolutely antipathetic to European ideas, that it is difficult to think of Chinamen as being of the same nature, and swayed by the same passions and feelings as our own. Such contrarieties defy comprehension, and make sympathy impossible. It implies, accordingly, considerable courage in an author to attempt a delineation of Chinese society by the familiar method of the conventional English fiction. Yet such is the design of *Bright Celestials*. Mr. Archibald Lamont and his Chinese friend, Mr. Teck Soon, of Singapore, have collaborated in framing "a story of Chinese life at home and abroad in relation to Christian missionary enterprise," and in dealing, in the course of it, with such questions as opium, emigration, secret societies, the missionary problem, and the native antipathy to foreign devils. To Mr. Teck Soon, we are informed, the idea and structure of the story are largely due; to him too, no doubt, is attributable the fact that, though written for the most part in grammatical language, the volume abounds in phrases which no Englishman would naturally employ. The hero of the story ends by becoming an interpreter in the English Court at Singapore; and if by any strange intellectual freak such an official were to betake himself to writing love-stories, the diction of the volume is exactly that which we should expect him to employ—rigidly correct, but with a correctness which only emphasizes more forcibly the impression of an unEnglish origin. This shortcoming, however, is easily condoned, as "the unique characteristic" of the story is, its authors announce, that "it is written from the Chinese point of view."

For the purpose of illustrating the Chinese point of view a large and varied assortment of performers is crowded upon the stage. The curtain rises upon a small afternoon banquet, given in a little sea-town upon the stormy Fokien coast. The host is "a Graduate of the first degree," a gentleman of conservative tastes, agnostic creed, and a somewhat Socratic turn for dialectic. His aspect is grave, melancholy, and dignified. His guests, among whom are a couple of students and a retired merchant who has made a fortune at Canton, treat him with much ceremonious politeness. The party have dined generously; conversation flows apace. The merits of a local missionary are canvassed, and the host avows his private conviction that Christian advocates are really dangerous incendiaries, destined, along with other destructive agencies, to undermine every existing institution and shake the entire fabric of Chinese society. The creed itself he regards as a congeries of puzzlement and incredibilities, which it is curious that one educated man should propose for the acceptance of another. Before the evening closes the Graduate is sufficiently mellowed to make a curious compact. Both he and the retired merchant are expecting shortly to become fathers. They agree accordingly that,

should the children prove to be boy and girl, they shall be betrothed. Fortune smiles on the arrangement. A few weeks later Tek Chiu, the graduate's son, and Min Miang, the retired merchant's daughter, are solemnly affianced, and upon the fortunes of these two the interest of the story thenceforward centres. Both are, after many vicissitudes, converted to Christianity; but it seems at first as if the betrothal were destined to be abortive. Tek Chiu, as he approaches manhood, is sent to a crammer to be equipped for the long series of examinations which awaits him. The crammer, amongst other accomplishments, is a confirmed gambler, and initiates his pupil into the mysteries of a gambling den. Tek Chiu, after wasting much money and time, gets into a bad scrape, has to fly the country, and undergoes a somewhat sharp experience of the miseries and oppression which a coolie emigrant, despite all that a European protectorate can contrive for his preservation, may be called upon to undergo. Such a catastrophe was naturally regarded as ending the betrothal. Min Miang, after successfully resisting the intrigues of a worldly uncle who has designs upon her fortune, becomes the wife of a young convert, who, under the guidance of the missionaries, had developed into a vigorous enunciator of the gloomiest order of Calvinism. In the meanwhile Tek Chiu is seeking his fortunes at Singapore, has freed himself from the evil inspirations of his tutor, and made his way to a position of interest and emolument. He has not forgotten his early love, nor, fortunately, has Min Miang forgotten hers. Her husband is obliging enough to leave her a widow at the very moment when Tek Chiu is ready to step into his shoes, and the fortunate couple proceed to make themselves happy in the commonplace fashion of lovers in the Western world, whom Fate has sundered for a while, and kindly accident has again brought within the sphere of each other's attractions.

Upon the thread of this somewhat familiar narrative the authors have found it easy to string a goodly array of dissertations on the topics with which, it may be conceived, the better sort of Chinaman who has been educated into a certain stage of cosmopolitanism is apt to be concerned. The discussions on Christianity are coloured with a strong pro-Christian sentiment, and display but little of that deep-seated antipathy to a strange religion, which periodical massacres of Jesuit missionaries have taught Europe to regard as a leading Chinese characteristic. The authors consider that there is at the bottom of the Chinese character a sturdy fatalism, which might easily glide into the Calvinist's doctrine of predestination, and that, should Christianity ever establish itself in the country, the form which it will assume will probably be that of Calvinism. "It will have backbone. If quality count for anything at all, the last because the slowest of the great races of humanity will yet become the first." We do not understand the grounds on which this somewhat unusual view of the prospects of Christian propagandism in China is based, except that the forces of national and traditional prejudice are, in the author's opinion, less overwhelming than it is usual to believe them; and that the entire nation is swayed by feelings of unrest, by aspirations, and by theories, which may at any time shake the apparently solid structure of existing society to its very bone. A striking instance of such hidden powers of upheaval is afforded by the secret Societies, which are universal throughout the Empire, though they are severely discountenanced by the authorities, and expose their members to the risk of a capital sentence. Chinese immigrants in every part of the world exhibit as irrepressible a passion for these confederacies as their countrymen at home, and regard them, apparently, rather as an important method of mutual protection and of preserving national customs to which they are attached than as having any political significance. In China itself, the author explains, their prevalence, notwithstanding the tremendous penalties attached to membership, is to be explained only by reference to the slow process of evolution by which Chinese society and administration have reached their present stage. In the dawn of history there are traces of dynastic interests conflicting with the national will, and of usurpers using the Imperial authority to build up a sort of feudalism in opposition to the democratic instincts of the general population. The right of rebellion against the oppressor is enshrined in Chinese classics as the lawful remedy for the invasion of popular privileges, and when these privileges are not precisely defined nor adequately safeguarded, the existence of such retaliatory powers, and the probability that, on occasion, they will be promptly employed, become the chief checks on arbitrary and capricious authority. The secret Societies were the organized expression of the democratic element in the national life, and were the great instrument by which successive revolutions have swept away dynasties which had become insupportably distasteful to the community at large. The series of Tartar invasions, which for centuries swamped every other national instinct in a desperate

struggle for existence, the fierce triumphs of Ghengis Khan and his successors, and the absorption of China in the huge Mongolian Empire of the thirteenth century, obscured, but did not destroy, the instinctive craving for national existence and for a Government which should more or less adequately satisfy the aspirations of its subjects. The dynasties which followed that incorporation did much in the patronage of letters, the revival of learning, and the encouragement of industrial art to conciliate popular good will. The great educational system, which still prevails, was a concession to national demands. "It established, though on a modified and practical basis, the national ideals of government by the best and most meritorious." The Moghul military ascendancy, during its continuance, gave a respite from the long-continued terror of dismemberment by foreign invasion. But the Moghuls failed to get in touch with the democratic idea; the popular dissatisfaction found an outlet in the secret Societies, and the Moghuls gave place to the Ming dynasty. The Mings did much in the codification of national law, the formation of libraries, and the compilation of huge encyclopedias to strengthen the idea of national unity and to gratify the national tastes; but their legislation fell short of the democratic requirements of the people, and the advent of the Manchu dynasty marked another epoch in the history of the nation's development. The Manchus were separated from their subjects by barriers of national prejudice and patriotic instinct, and the process of assimilation was a tardy one. In the long endeavour to consolidate their power they were unable to deal adequately either with national aspirations or with the secret Societies, which provided the only available machinery for embodying these aspirations in political action. The Tae Ping Rebellion proved, with terrible distinctness, the tremendous forces which are ready, at any moment, to test the soundness of the existing administration. The Government, having crushed the rebellion, elaborated a powerful system of Imperial centralization, the political weakness of which lies in the circumstance that the "community elders," or village authorities, have no recognized position, and no adequate means for communicating the wants and wishes of the population to the rulers, who keep it in a condition of pupillage. Hence arise the fierce antagonism between the secret Societies and the State, and the severity with which the State endeavours to crush an influence which is all the more dangerous for its powers of organized concealment, and which is capable, the authors consider, of producing social convulsions as great as any of those of which China has, in past times, had experience. Another element of possible disturbance is the admission of foreigners, under Treaty arrangements, to the interior of the Empire. This involves a very distinct collision of Imperial and popular interests, and may eventually be the means of bringing the Government and democracy into greater sympathy in their united action against an influence which threatens both alike. In China, as in India, there is, no doubt, a widespread conservative sentiment, to which the introduction of Western ideas and Western activity is in the highest degree distasteful, and which only awaits a favourable opportunity to strike a blow on behalf of the old order of things, which threatens all too soon to pass away. The problem is a very grave one, and Englishmen, with their habitual indifference to all but the practical exigencies of the moment, treat it far less seriously than it deserves. To the thoughtful observer it is full of interest; to the statesman it suggests possibilities in which the future interests of the British Empire in the East are vitally concerned. We heartily sympathize with the authors in their desire to bring the subject, in an intelligible and attractive form, before the English public; and though a love story is not the medium which we should, ourselves, have selected for conveying to an ignorant world some light on Chinese religion and government, it is possible that the general reader may be grateful for this concession to his laziness or indifference. The book may, at any rate, be advantageously perused by any one who cares to know the ideas which a certain section of educated Chinese consider most characteristic of themselves, their country, and their age.

CAMBRIDGE BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Catalogue of Cambridge Books. By Robert Bowes. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes. 1894.

CAMBRIDGE ought, from the number of eminent bibliographers it has produced, to be called the very home of the science. The lamented Henry Bradshaw had his share in the production of Mr. Bowes's handsome volume, and the results of his examination of the earliest books printed at Cambridge appeared in 1886. Since then Mr. Bowes has been busy collecting the volumes printed by Siberch, who has the credit of having

set up the first press during the year 1521 in a house between the Gates of Humility and Virtue at Caius College. The sign of the house bore the Royal arms, which appear on four of the eight books of the same printer known to exist. The first in Mr. Bowes's list was dated in the same year, 1521, and is a treatise, founded on Galen, *De Temperamentis*, by Thomas Linacre, who was physician to Henry VIII. The Royal arms on the title are reproduced by Mr. Bowes, and look very like French work. Siberch issued two other volumes that same year, and all four were reprinted by Mr. Payne or Mr. Bradshaw for subscribers. The second Cambridge printer was apparently Thomas Thomas, who describes himself as "printer to the Universitie." At least half a dozen of his publications are named in the list of Mr. Bowes. Some of them were "to be sold at the signe of the White Horse, in Canon Lane, over against the North Doore of Paules." The next University printer named is John Legate, and his books were sold in London "at the signe of the Sunne in Paule's Church-yard," or "ad insigne Solis in Coemeterio D. Pauli." Legate printed the first part of the Bible which ever appeared at Cambridge, the Apocalypse, with a translation of the exposition of Francisus Junius, a French resident in England, who lies buried in St. George's Chapel at Windsor. His French name was François du Ion. Beza edited the Ecclesiastes about 1593, and gave the University Library the valuable manuscript of the New Testament, always referred to as "Codex Bezae." No edition, however, of either the whole Bible or the Testament was issued until 1628.

In that year came out a very pretty little 12mo volume of the Testament by itself. As the first of its kind, this book is extremely scarce. Mr. Bowes values his copy at two guineas, which cannot be considered dear, as it was absent even from the extensive collection of the late Mr. Fry, and though there is a copy at Trinity College, Dublin, that in the British Museum does not seem to be perfect, there being no date on the title-page. The printers were, undoubtedly, Thomas and John Buck, but no names appear. The Bucks issued, in the following year, 1629, a large and handsome folio, with a text which it was boasted had been very carefully revised. There was a beautifully engraved title by Payne and the Book of Common Prayer was printed to range with it. The University was evidently proud of this edition, and copies occur, of the New Testament at least, printed on only one side of the leaf. Nevertheless, it was precisely in this part of the book that the worst errors were to be found, and one of them continued to disfigure Cambridge Bibles long after the Bucks and their successor, Roger Daniel, were in their graves. This was an erroneous rendering of 1 Timothy iv. 16, "Take heed unto thyself and thy doctrine," which should have been "the doctrine." Of the first Greek Testament Mr. Bowes gives some curious particulars. It seems that Sir Henry Savile gave a fount of Greek type to the University of Oxford, which, however, made no use of it. In 1629 Cambridge borrowed the type, printed the Testament issued in 1632, and, it is pleasing to observe, duly returned the loan. In 1633 the Bucks issued a black-letter Bible in quarto, and as some copies seem to bear the name of Daniel as well as that of Buck, it is possible that he entered the partnership in that year. He afterwards attained an unenviable notoriety for the number of bad misprints to be found in the Bibles issued by the firm, and especially those which appeared after he became sole partner. He seems to have removed to London about 1656, and was succeeded at Cambridge by John Field, "one of His Highness's printers," who also succeeded to his errors. His small Bible of 1653 is famous in this respect, and is sometimes said to have been suppressed in consequence.

The occasional notes in Mr. Bowes's book are often extremely entertaining. There is an account, for example, of the celebrated Archdeacon Wingham, who made the epigram on "little Dr. Jowett." A great many books and pamphlets are ascribed to "Wicked Will Whiston," as Swift called him, including the treatise, "The Longitude discovered by the Eclipses, Occultations, and Conjunctions of Jupiter's Planets." Another curiosity is Amos Cottle's "Icelandic Poetry," to which Byron alluded in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. A more interesting name is mentioned at p. 146. In 1774 a book was printed at Cambridge entitled *Italian Dialogues*. It was by Agostino Isola, an Italian refugee. His granddaughter, Emma Isola, was adopted and brought up by Charles and Mary Lamb, and in 1833 married Edward Moxon, the poetical publisher. We cannot open Mr. Bowes's delightful book without coming on such notes as these, but he modestly in his preface describes it as "only a bookseller's catalogue." *O si sic omnia!*

TRADITIONAL GAMES.

Traditional Games. By Alice Bertha Gomme. Vol. I. London: Nutt. 1894.

FOLK-LORE seems to be a study in which ladies are particularly destined to distinguish themselves. After Miss Roalfe Cox's "epoch-making" *Cinderella* we receive Mrs. Gomme's no less thorough and conscientious dictionary of *Traditional Games*. It is part of a dictionary of Folk-lore, planned by Mr. Gomme, the President of the Folk-Lore Society, and, if the rest answers to this sample, something encyclopaedic will be the result.

The ideas suggested by this collection are, first, that children are truly conservative in their sports, which are, therefore, of high antiquity; next, that in their "endless imitations" they may preserve traces of religious and other ceremonies once serious enough. The organized games and dances with rhymed formulæ are likely to be antique, as in "Buck, Buck, how many fingers do I hold up?" which descends from the game in Petronius Arbiter, with the cry of *Bucca!* We can only select a few cases at random of Mrs. Gomme's games and method. "All the boys in our town" is, as she says, a marriage game. There is dancing round a child in a ring, and the verses, which vary a great deal in different localities, give a rather optimistic description of matrimony. The odd thing is that in Belfast the rhyme runs:—

Up the heathery mountains
And down the rushy glen
We dare not go a-hunting
For Connor and his men.

Mr. Allingham used a shape of this, as Mrs. Gomme says, in one of his ballads with reference to the fairies. But Scott quoted the lines at Lake Avernus, which probably reminded him of his native lochs, using the lines

We daur na gang a milking
For Charlie and his men.

It is difficult to believe that his Royal Highness, even when with the men of Glenmoriston, interfered with fair milkmaids. Probably the verses are much older than the Forty-five, and have been locally adapted to Connor, to Prince Charles, and to other persons and circumstances. The Belfast version is the most poetical, whether the "ill colony" of Armstrongs and Elliots brought it with them from the Debatable Land or not. As this game represents marriage, *The King of Barbarie* represents the siege of a castle. For a better Suffolk game, with more eminent fortunes, "Base Ball," we are referred to "Rounders," which is reserved for the second volume. The evolution of ball games does not seem to interest Mrs. Gomme, for she omits golf altogether, though about football she says as much as her space permits. The Rugby game, running with the ball and throwing out of touch, is manifestly derived from "Camping." "The element of clan-feuds" has been traced by Mr. Gomme, though we conceive the antagonism to be rather local than clannish. The well-known match at Carterhaugh, when the Forest gathered, perhaps for the last time, under the flag of Bellenden, is familiar to everybody. Several nascent forms of cricket occur; all manner of games at "cat" are really cricket in the making, as is stool-ball. Under cat's cradle it might have been observed that some savage races use their feet as well as their hands. In games like "cushion" we are obliged with a great deal of quotation from old literary sources. "Hopscotch" is too complicated and mysterious a topic, and Signor Pitre has found "a solar origin" for it. A solar origin might easily be found for billiards, the red ball being the red orb of the setting luminary; but that way lies nonsense. Mr. Crombie thinks that hopscotch "at one time represented the progress of the soul from earth to heaven through various intermediate stages," and this, apparently, because the winning shove lands the player in "Paradise," or "crown," or "glory." "Some pedantically write pot," says an early student who, long ago, described hopscotch in *Punch*. The piece of stone used is called "the scotch." The ancient labyrinth may, or perhaps may not, have something to do with the pastime. We miss "kneevie-knick-knack," also "knife," but we learn a great deal about the darkly mysterious "knur and spell." "Lady of the Land" is a game derived from hiring fairs. And so forth with the rest. The music is given as well as the words; the rhymes are minutely analysed in tabular forms, and, if they yield any original information about remote stages of society, no doubt some one will extract it for us. But, in truth, the little girls' dances and songs are rather pretty to see and hear than very interesting to read about. "The pot boils over" is a drama wherein a witch takes part, and probably it contains references,

as Mrs. Gomme thinks, to superstitions against parting with the seed of fire out of a house, and to the animistic and intelligent behaviour of a pot of water, as in fairy tales. But as to an "ancient house-ritual," we "have no clearness" on the subject.

ANGLERS' EVENINGS.

Anglers' Evenings. By Members of the Manchester Anglers' Association. Third Series. Manchester: Abel Heywood & Son.

"F. J. F.," the gentleman who has "been requested to vicariously make the preliminary bow to that wider circle of brothers of the angle to whom this volume is offered," tells us, in his introduction, that Théophile Gautier and Lord Beaconsfield made a mistake. They said that critics are persons who have failed. The experience of the Manchester Anglers does not confirm the dictum. "Their critics hitherto have obviously been men accustomed to the music of the reel, and able to fill their creels." That is to say, all but one of them were; and to him "F. J. F." refuses to vicariously bow in any manner. Having read the new volume strenuously, we are tempted to vicariously hope that "F. J. F." will refrain from bowing to the critics any more. With the best will in the world, the critics might not be able to lay their hands upon their hearts and return the genuflection. The music of the reel which this book gives forth is as monotonous as the phrase by which it is described. It consists in calling trout "the finny tribe," or "piscine society," fishermen "brothers of the angle," and the weight of a basket what "it scaled in the aggregate"; also, for example, in remarking that the Argyllshire Highlanders are "as noble as the hills under which they live," and the "peasant girls as fair as the glens in which they dwell"; likewise, in one instance, in "two tear-drops trickling down," one from each eye, on the cheeks of a sporting person who found that a stream in which he had fished in boyhood was overgrown with trees. It is true that if "disciples of Isaac Walton," or any other people, find pleasure in forming themselves into mobs in order to wanton in mawkishness, we have no right to protest as long as the matter is private. When their emotions and their euphuisms are exposed to public view, the thing wears a different aspect. It gives one a distaste for fishing, and, being in the material guise of literature, almost a distaste for books. We must take the word of the Manchester Anglers that they do know how to fish; but it is evident that they are as little able to write as the music of all their reels screeching at once is able to transmute itself into opera. Their only approach to workmanlike continence is the paper by Mr. T. E. Pritt. *Anglers' Evenings*, of course, comes to a deplorable end in verse.

RECENT VERSE.

Poems. By Richard Garnett. London: Mathews & Lane.
Poems and Lyrics. By W. J. Dawson. London: Macmillan & Co.
Idylls and Lyrics of the Nile. By H. D. Rawnsley. London: Nutt. 1894.
Poems. By Francis Thompson. London: Mathews & Lane.
Lullaby Songs and German Lyrics. By R. Macleod Fullarton. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1894.
The North Sea Watch: and other Poems. By George Edward Woodberry. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.
Orchard Songs. By Norman Gale. London: Mathews & Lane.
Spring's Immortality; and other Poems. By Mackenzie Bell. London: Ward, Lock, & Bowden.

NEW and old are the contents of Dr. Garnett's volume, the old comprising poems published as long since as 1859, in the book known to all who cherish the poetry of the period as *Io in Egypt; and other Poems*. Dr. Garnett's poems seldom lack the distinction of scholarly and artistic restraint, and the sensitive observance of form and felicitous expression. These qualities are, indeed, so prevailing in the volume before us as to place the collection apart from most of the poetry of the day—even that which makes a more strenuous and more obtrusive appeal to the imaginative faculty. Dr. Garnett is an exemplar of the tempering discipline of classical models whom it were well that our younger and more exuberant singers should study. He is never random, or alipheid; nor does he impede the clear utterance of his poetic fancy by a Babel-like structure of sounding phrase. His "Io in Egypt" is a delightful poem. Once again are we stirred by this beautiful vision of Old Egypt rejoicing in the reign of the freed and rejuvenate Io, and are touched once again by the solemn and musical hymn of acclamation:—

The land of refuge hails thee! Hera's frown
 Melts in maternal Isis gravely mild.
 Come, Io—Io, come—and be our queen.

In the new poems we mark many a charming flower of the poet's

fancy; not made of hands, as it were, but fashioned, as a "white celestial thought" is—complete in its nativity. Here, for instance, is a delicate "Nocturne":—

Keen winds of cloud and vaporous drift
 Disrobe yon star, as ghosts that lift
 A snowy curtain from its place
 To scan a pillowed beauty's face.

They see her slumbering splendours lie
 Bedded on blue unfathomed sky,
 And swoon for love and deep delight,
 And stillness falls on all the night.

The "Rondel," again, is an exquisite little poem, as well as an impeccable example of the form, which opens with the charming verse:—

When lingering Love belated came.

In another style are the suggestive stanzas, "The Friend of Greece," inspired by an inscription on a Parthian coin, which surely would have gained the sympathy and admiration of such diverse spirits as Byron and Landor. We shall not have indicated all the various poetic forms at Dr. Garnett's command were we to omit reference to his playful and humorous verse—as "The Mermaid of Padstow"—or to the characteristic serenity of his meditative vein, of which "The Island of Shadows" is a gracious and stately example that all lovers of poetry must esteem among the best of its class.

Mr. Dawson should not, we think, be visited with the artist's fate, and be vexed by

Uncomprehending eyes of friend and brother,
 Uncomprehending aims and lonely days—

to quote his prelude—though artist he is proved by the book of lyrics before us. More dead and waste than some would have us believe must the times be that would suffer to pass unregarded poetry so true and fresh in inspiration, so graceful and musical in expression, as is contained in Mr. Dawson's little volume. The hopes, the griefs, the aspirations of the common lot of mortals—themes old, indeed, yet ever new—can never fail in their appeal when the song they inspire springs from "the human heart by which we live." Mr. Dawson's lyrics are notable for the beauty and strength of sincerity. They are marked by an absolute freedom from anything that may be called "manner." There is nothing self-conscious in Mr. Dawson's lyrical style. The thought is all important with him, and not the phrase, as with some of our minor bards, who are apt to betray too studious a care concerning the nice conduct of their poetic diction. Anything less ornate, less prodigal in sonorous phrase, or dazzling and recondite imagery, there could not be than Mr. Dawson's strong and chastened verse. Delightful is the set of lyrics entitled "Fancies for Celia," of which the fourth and fifth examples, "Ideal Memory" and "Love and Time," are fine examples of the power of clearness and simplicity. There is a subtle-piercing charm in these poems that is instant in effect and enduring. The pathos of "Last Words" has something of elemental force and *naïveté*, as if in the passion of the one were concentrated the passion of all, so deep and full is the intensity of feeling in this exquisite lyric. We envy not the reader who does not feel *les larmes dans la voix* in its anguish and yearning. These examples might suffice to establish Mr. Dawson's title to a place among the poets. Whether the present volume be his first book we are not aware, but we should deplore his silence should it prove to be his last.

Before the damming schemes of engineers are accomplished, and Philæ shall be set in a flood, the tourist should betake himself to Egypt with Mr. Rawnsley's *Idylls and Lyrics of the Nile* in his pocket. The poetry of topography has been Mr. Rawnsley's special charge. He has provided the sonnet with many a local habitation at the English Lakes and around the British coasts. In his new volume he tempers topography with art and archaeology, celebrating in agreeable verse the labours of Mr. Flinders Petrie, M. Brugsch, Mr. Wallis Budge, and others, not to mention the exploits of Champollion, Howard Vyse, Mariette Bey, and the rest. Mr. Rawnsley's book is to a great extent a poetic commentary on the work of all kinds of Egyptologists and Egyptologists. It commemorates, for instance, the deeds of "Ahmed the carpenter," whose fame as a "breaker of tombs" is like that of Erostratus; and it tells in stirring verse of the mighty fight of the second Rameses on the Orontes after M. Brugsch's version of the Sallier papyrus in the British Museum. The Gizeh Museum suggests not a few themes for the poet's meditation and description, of which the sentimental tourist should be mindful. Nor does Mr. Rawnsley neglect the landscape and the people, the contemporary life of the Nile, the boats and boatmen, the potters, the water-carriers, the dealers in scarabs, and the dark and

stealthy arts of papyrus-mongers. In one of his songs of "Water-Carriers" we have a touching picture of affliction:—

And I have watched the melancholy wife
Stand sobbing, as she heaved the jar ashore,
And prayed she might not see the sunset more.
Have heard her groan, and seen the bitter strife
Wherewith unhelped she lifted up the jar,
And went by starlight home without a star.

Mr. Thompson the masquer, fresh from a feast of poets, like another Don Armado, makes it hard to distinguish Mr. Thompson the poet, whose gift of imagination is seldom revealed, as in "The Hound of Heaven," entirely dissociated from the theatric artifice of "make-up." We like not poetry that has a design upon us, as Keats has said. "In the manner of Crashaw" should have been added to the title of Mr. Thompson's book. Now and again the manner is assumed with fair success. Then does Mr. Thompson's verse carry its weight of rhetoric with an air of state that is not unimposing. Not infrequently, however, the assumption produces the effect of pure caricature. Then is Mr. Thompson's verse an affair of intricate mechanism, labouring with noisily obtrusive phrase, pedantic, affected, clumsy. Even the solemn and dignified meditation on "A Fallen Yew" is marred by a hideous discord of this kind. Mr. Thompson, like Crashaw, sings the inexpressive She in "Her Portrait," expending much hyperbole—very ingenious hyperbole it is—only to convict himself of expressing nothing of his theme—a poetic device not without many precedents in poetry:—

Now all is said, and all being said—aye me!
There yet remains unsaid the very She,
Nay, to conclude (so to conclude I dare),
If of her virtues you evade the snare,
Then for her faults you'll fall in love with her.

Something like this—with infinitely greater point and without an awkward and meaningless penultimate verse—may be found in "Wit and Poetry and Pope." A poet who values grammar as Mr. Thompson does might have given us the "heavenly rhetoric" of Shakspeare in the opening couplet:—

Oh, but the heavenly grammar did I hold
Of that high speech which angels' tongues turn gold!

As in other poems of the series "Love in Dian's Lap"—a title oddly infelicitous—the *unbeschreibliche* is a sensible presence in "Her Portrait":—

If I would praise her soul (temerarious if!)
All must be mystery and hieroglyph.
Heaven, which not oft is prodigal of its more
To singers, in their song too great before;
By which the hierarch of large poesy is
Restrained to his one sacred benefice;
Only for her the salutary awe
Relaxes and stern canon of its law;
To her alone concedes pluralities,
In her alone to reconcile agrees
The Muse, the Graces, and the Charities;
To her, who can the trust so well conduct,
To her it gives the use, to us the usufruct.

This is a fair example of Mr. Thompson's manner, though it is certain that the "Poet and Saint," of whose style Mr. Thompson is sequacious, was incapable of the awkward inversion of "to reconcile agrees." In "A Judgment in Heaven," again, we note the same laboured straining, the same purple riot of phrase-making, carried to a disenchanting excess. None but the blind, or unkind, could review Mr. Thompson's poems and be silent as to the gravity of these defects. His normal manner—for style it cannot be called—is not inaptly described in his "Corymbus for Autumn":—

Hearken my chant, 'tis
As a Bacchante's,

A grape-spurt, a vine-splash, a tossed tress, flown vaunt 'tis!

Most poets in their youth show the absorbing influence of some master. It is well, however, to distinguish between the influence that is revealed in what is emulative of the letter, and that which bears the fair fruit of spiritual affinity. To us there seems to be more of the letter than of the spirit of the model in Mr. Thompson's studies after Crashaw.

Mr. Macleod Fullarton's *Lallan Songs* have a sprightly movement, and there is no lack of heart in them. There is something Burns-like in the frankness of "A Highland Reel," No. 3, and in the ingenuous song—a duet of lovers—of "Dreamy Yarrow." Of Burns, again, we are reminded, though in another sense, by "Bonie Annie":—

O saw ye bonie Annie,
Come linking ow'r the lea?
O saw ye then your true love,
And is she true to thee?—

I saw the rose upon the breir,
And in her breist the dew,
And in the breist of Annie
Love dewy-clear and true.

One half of Mr. Fullarton's volume is composed of "German lyrics," three of which are in German, the rest being translations from Goethe, Heine, and Schiller. "Zwillingslieder," the first of the author's original songs in German, embodies a pretty sentiment, and is graceful in expression. The translation comprises some of the best-known and oft-rendered songs of Goethe and Heine. Those of Goethe strike us as being the most successful. Some of these are uncommonly good, and show the advantage it is to a translator to be an accomplished song-writer, as Mr. Fullarton undoubtedly is.

Out of America, and from the Riverside Press, comes our next volume, a dainty little book as to print and paper, and, what is more noteworthy—considering that there is a dearth of poetry rather than of poets in America—a book of poems that reveals real inspiration and no ordinary facility. Mr. Woodberry is not the slave of facility, nor does he let it lead him into excess or diffuseness. He has the artist's sense of form and of effect. His technical facility is controlled by a refined taste. These virtues are agreeably present in "The North Sea Watch," a poetic lament that owes most of its charm to the poet's chastened style. The poem appears to have been written near the wide sea, under the spacious sky, and inspired by the soothing influences of Nature. The musical stanzas of this monody on a lost friend are full of the "beauty born of murmuring sound." In the dramatic sketch, "Agathon," the vision of the dreaming poet in the cave of Diotima, the wise prophetess, is finely imagined, and there is true divination in the oracular discourse and song of Eros. In another strain, of which Mr. Lowell is chief exemplar, is Mr. Woodberry's patriotic hymn, "My Country," a fluent and varied chant, pleasantly free from the stiffening of the buckram of ceremonial verse that is common to American poems of the kind. From one of his sonnets we gather that Mr. Woodberry has been reproved for a too sanguine patriotism—a baseless charge, it seems to us.

Appropriately clothed in apple-green are Mr. Norman Gale's *Orchard Songs*, which comprises some trim lays of the pleasing anxious lot of the shepherd on the Cotswolds, and some delightful bird-like trills of song dedicated to rustic ways and rustic joys and griefs. Perhaps the "country Muse," who is Mr. Gale's "dear delight," shows not always the divine simplicity we would desire; but, then, was it not so with Herrick? When Mr. Gale sings of "the windy shepherd"—

Making cloudy lambkins pass
Over Nature's pupils dreaming
With their mistress in the grass—

we are smitten by the violence of an ill-judged conceit. But the Muse is not often found tripping to this tune in Mr. Gale's pretty rural rounds and "country airs." Fresh and sparkling like a fine May morning are such poems as "A Pastoral," "Inspiration," "An Orchard Dance," and "Happy Life"—to cull a few of the gracious floral fancies from this cheering posy of flower-like songs.

Mr. Mackenzie Bell's new volume contains certain reprints from previous books now out of print and some contributions to periodicals that, having graced an ephemeral page, deserve, it seems to us, the security of a printed book. Mr. Bell's poems must give pleasure to ears that are attuned to simple and unaffected song, and it is clear from the poet's suggestive and vivid "Pictures of Travel"—an attractive section of the present volume—that he needs not an exceptional incitement to sing, nor anything of a spur at all. The poetic impulse, in fact, is a natural impulse with Mr. Bell, and in the "poems of places" to which we refer the truth and freshness of the picture are due to the creative, rather than to the composing, art. The same directness of method may be noted in the spirited poem of "The Keeping of the Vow," an effective example of narrative in verse, in which the writer treats of Robert Bruce and his crusading vow, unaware, as he observes, that Aytoun had anticipated him in "The Heart of the Bruce."

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

Posthumous Works of Thomas De Quincey. Edited by A. H. Japp, LL.D. Vol. II.—*Conversation and Coleridge*, &c. London: Heinemann.

WITH the second volume of Dr. Japp's *Posthumous Works of De Quincey* it may be supposed that the remarkable and very considerable additions to our knowledge of that very remarkable and considerable man of letters which the last few years have seen will come to an end. First, we had Professor

Masson's new edition, with appendices and variants, of the canonical Works. Then we had Mr. Hogg's "Uncollected Works" of De Quincey. Next came Dr. Japp's own *De Quincey Memorials*, with their really important, and possibly final, rectifications and amplifications of the hitherto very incomplete and puzzling records of the essayist's biography. And now we have yet a further appendix in the two volumes of the *Posthumous Works*, recovered from such as have survived of De Quincey's numerous and notorious stores and deposits of manuscript. The gain of all this has been real and indisputable. Nothing, perhaps, has been—nothing well could have been—added to the conception of De Quincey's literary genius which already existed among capable critics. But much has been added to the notion previously attainable of his curious life and character, and a certain supplement, in degree if not in kind, has been made to the estimate of his powers. At the same time, the advantage has not been unmingled. A few critics, intolerant of half-done work, and perhaps not quite at the level of De Quincey's own multifarious learning and interests, have been provoked into depreciatory remarks on him as a man of letters. And, perhaps, the general reader has been a little bewildered by this extensive "bittcock," added to the rather long journey which had already to be travelled through the De Quinceyan province. Indeed, the case is certainly for thoughts, in regard to the rights and duties of posthumous editors, in the case of writers who have lived since the spread of periodicals and newspapers in large numbers. It is a fact demonstrable by arithmetic that a man who writes, say, two thousand words a day (no very unusual or exhausting task) for five days out of fifty weeks in the year, thereby accomplishes in the year between three and four library octavos, wherein probably few pages are very much above or very much below his average quality. An industrious and rapidly writing person, for whose work there is much demand, or who is content, as De Quincey was, to write, whether his writing is immediately in demand or not, will do twice or thrice as much. Multiply the total by the thirty or forty (sometimes fifty or sixty) years of an ordinary literary life, and the thing becomes slightly appalling. Is the possibility of identification a sufficient title for resurrection? Or ought—in cases where the writer has had time and opportunity to reproduce what he thinks worth reproducing—that, and no more, to be the limit of his "works" as they are put before the public? Ought it not rather to be sufficient to put a careful bibliography of the uncollected work within the reach of students, and to deposit the MSS. in some public library? We do not, either directly or by innuendo, answer these questions here; we only say that the fortunes of De Quincey, during the last few years, supply something like a test case, by the examination of which the answer may be reached.

We need preach no longer sermon on this text, though, as it happens, the contents of this very volume would supply such texts in plenty. From such identifications as Dr. Japp, assisted by De Quincey's family, has been able to make, it would appear that the greater part of the contents, at any rate, were written years before the author's death, and consequently at a time when he had full opportunity, had he so chosen, to include them in the collected edition of his works. And if anybody says that there is abundant internal evidence why he did not do so, we do not know that to disprove this would be very easy. Of the three longest (filling some three-fifths of the book), one, "Conversation and Coleridge," is an odd mixture of apology for, and supplement to, the author's previous writings on the subject—a thing not uninteresting, but, even for De Quincey, desultory in the extreme. The second is a sort of duplicate essay or article on Finlay's *Greece*, written at a different standpoint from that adopted in the previously published review. The third is an extension, to the amount of full fifty pages, of the paper on "Memorial Chronology," which was published in the last, or sixteenth, volume of the original Works, some few years after the author's death. All the other articles are scraps, varying in length from a dozen pages to a few lines, which are variants from omissions or suppressions to existing papers, or short drafts or notes for others.

We cannot say that there is anything here actually uninteresting; personally we are glad to receive every bit of it. But it may be seriously questioned whether it is for the interest of the writer that the already large, and, owing to accident, somewhat confusedly arranged, bulk of his work should be thus further augmented. And it is difficult to withstand the further objection that at least a large part of the matter here, even if not deliberately rejected by himself, is properly matter for footnotes or appendices to a collected critical edition. Of such an edition, especially since the very recent appearance of the new incomplete-complete issue by Professor Masson, there does not seem to be a very near prospect; and thus we are likely to have our De Quincey left unto us in an

unkempt and promiscuous condition, which we do not think he would have himself liked, and which throws obstacles in the way of the study of a very interesting and, at his best, a very great writer. Still there is the counterbalancing advantage that now at last (or, at least, we suppose so) the whole of the material is public property; and, when that is the case, only the Hour and the Man have to be waited for. Whereas, if the material is not secured from disappearance in time, the Hour and the Man come in vain.

NEW PRINTS.

WE have received from Messrs. Boussod & Valadon—who have removed from Bond Street to larger premises next door to Messrs. Howell & James—a very wonderful specimen of the art of "Goupi-gravure," as they call their peculiar kind of colour-printing. Nothing can be better than the mechanical part of the work, and we can but wish the skill of the engraver had been applied to a less trivial subject. It is called "Before Belfort," and was painted by A. de Neuville. It is a snowy scene with five soldiers in great-coats, two of whom are saluting each other. In the background are more soldiers and, apparently, a fort. The name of Neuville is enough as to drawing, composition, colour, and keeping; while, as we have said, the engraving and printing leave nothing to be desired—in fact, make us regret the utter triviality of the incident on which they are bestowed. The same publishers have several other coloured engravings, such as Girardet's "Billeted" and "Where is She?" and Gelibert's "Wounded Duck." A more worthy subject is Dubufe's "Divine Sleep," an illustration of the pretty fancy that when a child smiles in its sleep the angels are visiting it. "In the Flower of Youth," by Piot, represents a young person whose charms are very full-blown. Two figures by Rossi, in fantastic costumes, are altogether unimportant, yet both printed in a manner wholly marvellous. We should like to see "La Gioconda," or the Louvre Van Eyck, copied like this; but it is impossible to get enthusiastic over Mr. Marcus Stone's lackadaisical ladies in "Winter Berries" or "Autumn Fruits."

A very fine etching comes from the same firm. The "Oaks by the Pond" has been engraved by Brunet-Debaines after Jules Dupré. It is impossible to imagine a better conjunction. The oak trees are magnificent—a rarity in France—but the scene looks much more English than French. Even the cattle belong rather to Sussex than to Normandy. The sky is well managed and most delicately gradated. Considering the amount of detail, the plate is not too large, being about twenty-four inches high by twenty inches across. The artist has not gone too much to Constable for his inspiration, as modern French landscape-painters often do, but has carefully composed his masses of foliage, his heavy clouds, and the brilliant reflection in the pond. Altogether this is an eminently decorative print, and there are only 225 proof impressions, all on parchment.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

- Mérimée et ses amis.* Par Augustin Filon. Paris: Hachette.
Nouvelles études de littérature et d'art. Par G. Larroumet. Paris: Hachette.
Les sociétés africaines. Par A. de Préville. Paris: Firmin-Didot.
Les auteurs célèbres—Antonio Cana, dit Le Canaletto. Par A. Moreau. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.
Select Specimens of the Great French Writers. Edited by G. E. Fasnacht. London: Macmillan.

ALTHOUGH nearly a quarter of a century has passed since Mérimée's death, he has remained hitherto in a certain sense one of the most neglected of French men of letters of the first class. We cannot say one of the least known; for, independently of his works, which are pretty clear words to the wise, the two collections of letters to the *Inconnue* (the real *Inconnue*, not the other) and to Panizzi supplied the materials for understanding him to almost everybody who could see a church by daylight. But he had accumulated many prejudices against him, and he had few intimate literary friends. He shared, more deeply than any other writer, the unpopularity of the Empire, though his connexion with it was almost entirely due to his personal friendship for the Empress; he was regarded by Hugo and the Hugolaters with a sort of frenzy of rage and hatred. He had left no pupils, and made no friends in that evergreen Mammon of unrighteousness, the rising generation of *littérateurs*. And, for our part, we cannot help thinking that, exquisite as was the French he wrote, and thorough Frenchman as he was in many ways, there was a certain vein in him which Frenchmen only with difficulty like and appreciate. It is impossible otherwise to account for the fact that a certain change

or revival of taste not many years ago directed itself not to Mérimée but to Bayle, who was only a Mérimée with an infinitely worse style and taste and a tenfold portion of coxcombry and pose.

Some years ago M. d'Haussonville—still with imperfect sympathy and imperfect information, but with a considerable advance in both—gave us a fresh handling of Mérimée; but this cannot be compared with the book (enlarged and corrected from certain *Deux Mondes* articles, and enriched with a bibliography by the invaluable M. Spoelberch de Lovenjoul) which has just been issued by M. Augustin Filon. M. Filon's own acquaintance with Mérimée was late, and not very intimate; but his connexion with the Imperial household has enabled him to obtain various *renseignements*, and he has had the inestimable and, as he hints, not likely to be repeated or extended, advantage of consulting and extracting from the correspondence with Mme. de Montijo. These extracts are rarely long, but they are far more rarely uninteresting, and they are woven with other matter into an account of the author of *Colomba* which does not neglect judicious criticism of the work, and which leaves all other accounts nowhere in respect of complete and intelligent portraiture of the man. The author has more than justified the modest pretension which he puts forward in his preface, not of discovering what was unknown in Mérimée, but of furnishing up and putting in a new light what was known. He has not, we think, in any respect condescended to the clumsy and foolish business of the whitewasher; and we do not know that he has even abused the privilege of judicious silence. He seems by no means indisposed to believe that in his last days Mérimée did, if not exactly "repent of" (that was not in his way), drop and disapprove the worst of his earlier habits—that of indulging in sneers at religion which were not merely, if all tales be true, frequently in very bad taste, but which, on their own showing, were undignified and irrational. For a Theist to insult the Divinity is indecent; but for an Atheist it is simply foolish. Putting this aside, Mérimée had, for a man of his generation and country, nothing but peccadilloes; and he had, for a man of any age and any country, a wonderful genius, and not a few virtues. Those who already not merely admire but like him, as we confess we do, will find themselves much strengthened and comforted by M. Filon's book, and those who have not yet learnt his worth will find it something more than a primer of the subject. It is not only excellently written, but contains a good deal that is "for thoughts."

A new volume of studies in Art and Literature by M. Gustave Larroumet, who is rather unusually provided with solid qualifications in regard to both, deals for the most part, if not wholly, with very recent books. But M. Larroumet has busied himself rather with the subjects than with the writers, and has given excellent essays on Racine, Lamartine, the Sorbonne, and other old matters, besides notices of Weiss, Taine, and MM. Zola and Lemaître, and other things and persons as recent as the great M. Nordau. But the paper not least worth reading of these latter is "Un nouveau retour des cendres," dealing with that astonishing renaissance of Bonapartism which, after having been long ago noticed by literary critics, is at last startling politicians.

M. de Préville has accomplished the rather difficult task of making an excellent study of Africa, beautifully printed and full of information from the ethnological and "sociological" point of view, without touching any burning question of politics.

The processes of reproduction employed in the *Artistes célèbres* are not so favourable to art like Canaletto's as to portraits or large figure-pieces. But the most has been made of them in M. Moureaux's very interesting study—a study which takes in a great deal of eighteenth-century Venice, and is, indeed, illustrated by designs of other artists besides "Antonio Canal." The painter's little-known etchings, by the way, would seem to be more vigorous than his better-known work in colour.

The distinguishing peculiarity of M. Fasnacht's extensive selection from French literature is that the critical and biographical notices are almost entirely taken from French writers. The idea is ingenious, and the result provides a great deal of excellent French reading for students. But we rather doubt the literary effect; for, in the first place, the critical standpoints adopted are necessarily diverse, and, in the second, French literature more than any other requires to be—for foreigners—judged from a foreign point of view. Its prejudices, so to speak, are so great, that the French critic is *juge et partie*.

We have also received the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th fascicules of M. Flammarion's valuable *Dictionnaire encyclopédique* (Flammarion); the 13th of MM. Hatzfeld, Darmesteter, and Thomas's *Dictionnaire de la langue française* (Delagrave); four parts of the

capital *Bibliothèque d'éducation artistique* (Librairie de l'Art), containing Japanese patterns of animals, fishes, and plants; and a French translation by M. Monnier of Björnson's *Glove and Overrevne* (Grasilier).

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE range and character of Mr. Justin Winsor's historical study of American discovery, *Geographical Discovery in the Interior of North America in its Historical Relations* (Sampson Low & Co.) are aptly denoted by the reduced Key-maps of Sylvanus (1511) and of Franquelin (1684), figured side by side on the title-page, with the superscription "Cartier to Frontenac." The period embraces all the fruitful exploration of the great water-ways of the St. Lawrence, the Lakes, and the Mississippi—the discoveries and voyages of Cartier and Champlain, of La Salle, Hennepin, and others, who penetrated the interior of the continent and led to its settlement. No more fascinating subject could have engaged the historian of discovery whose command of the literature of voyages and cartography is as extensive as Mr. Winsor's. A bare description of his interesting and handsome book will suffice to show how far-reaching is his research. A striking feature of the work is the illustration of the subject by maps, and the author's comparative criticism of those maps. Mr. Winsor deals with the problems of early discovery by the study of the contemporary map and the contemporary narrative. No vain statement is that of his title—"With full cartographical illustrations from contemporary sources." The maps are almost past count. There are maps and other illustrations from books ancient and modern, from Thevenot and Hennepin; from the *Nouveaux Voyages* of La Hontan, and from Sulte's *Canadiens-Français*; from Kohl's *Discovery of Maine* and Lemoine's *Quebec*; from Hakluyt and Champlain; from the various *Relations* of Jesuit missionaries and from Ruge's *Kartographie von Amerika*. There are examples of early cartography from Kunstmann, Ortelius, Mercator, Medina, Michael Lok, Gaspar Viegas, Nicholas Vallard, Molineaux, Dr. John Dee, Vischer, Herlyn, Sanson, Joliet, Marquette, and many others. All of this vast array of illustration is utilized by Mr. Winsor, stage by stage, in the course of his study. Thus, for example, he puts in evidence, as against the view that Columbus was ignorant that not Asia, but a new continent lay before him, the map of La Cosa, made six years before the death of the great voyager, wherein are found no Asiatic names of the continent west of Cuba. The evidence of priority in discovery which maps may yield occurs now and again, as in the question of the exploration west of Newfoundland and of the Gulf of St. Lawrence by the Cabots and the Cortereals. The rule that the map follows the voyager makes such evidence dubious, so far as it affects claims unsupported by maps, even if no allowance is made for the fancy and inaccuracy of the map-maker. What map-makers are capable of may be seen in Mr. Winsor's comments on the map of Lazaro Luiz (p. 12). How far the fishing fleets of Normandy and other European coasts anticipated the discoveries of Cabot will probably never be determined. Mr. Winsor pertinently remarks of this matter, "It is one of the striking features of the accounts which we have of these early days of exploration that the frequenting of a coast for traffic or fishing counts so little in contributing geographical knowledge." Mr. Winsor, however, is no believer in the discovery of Newfoundland by hardy fishermen a century before Cabot's day. These men merely followed their trade. They were not inspired by the spirit of discovery, intent on finding a way to Cathay, like Cartier on the St. Lawrence. Almost every page of Mr. Winsor's volume has some curious old map or woodcut, and it is hardly possible to overrate the illustrative value of these to the reader of the admirable narrative of the adventures and explorations of Cartier, Champlain, La Salle, and the rest. All who own a passionate interest in old voyages and old maps will find every page of the book delightful reading. At p. 111, for example, is a drawing of an astrolabe, dated 1603, and made in Paris. Some twenty-five years ago this astrolabe was turned up by a farmer in a field near Muskrat Lake, and it is almost certain that it was here lost by Champlain on that expedition up the Ottawa to which he was allured by the lying reports of Vignau. It is a romantic story, and perfectly credible.

The second series of Mlle. Vacaresco's Roumanian folk-songs, *The Bard of the Dimbovitza* (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), translated by Carmen Sylva and Alma Strettell, comprises some remarkable examples under the heading, "Luteplayer's Songs," mostly of a tragic cast, with a peculiar quality of melancholy, and a charming set of "Spinning Songs," as piquant as any included in the first series. Especially beautiful is "The Necklace of Tears," with its exquisite, if somewhat morbid, fantasy and penetrative pathos. Most of the songs are marked by the "deep

autumnal tone, sweet though in sadness," and abiding hopeless sorrow could scarcely be more gracefully expressed than in "The Orphan," "The Moon," or "The Road to Prison."

Mr. T. Keane's volume of translations from the Russian—*Prose Tales of Alexander Poushkin* (Bell & Sons)—is excellently representative as a selection from the writings of the greatest of Russian romanticists. "The Captain's Daughter," the longest of the collection, is an admirable novel, and a model of the art of story-telling, in which Poushkin had few rivals among his contemporaries. His European fame is readily explained by such work as this and "Doubrowsky," and the half-dozen of short stories that make up the volume. In the latter we note curious evidence of that intimate knowledge of English affairs and literature which springs from Poushkin's admiration of Byron. "Kirdjali," by the way, is strongly Byronic in its strong, effective narrative style.

The new volume of the edition of Professor Huxley's collected essays, *Man's Place in Nature; and other Anthropological Essays* (Macmillan & Co.), is introduced by a characteristic preface that suggests a stirring of the embers, the still-hot embers, of old burning questions. When *Man's Place in Nature* was first offered to a distracted public, Mr. Huxley found himself visited by a steady storm of opposition. "The Boreas of criticism blew his hardest blasts of misrepresentation and ridicule for some years," he says, "and I was even as one of the wicked." He is surprised that he should have survived the visitation, and "emerged into, at any rate, relative respectability." Now, it seems, he is surprised at his own endurance, which is as pleasing a position to reach as that of the man who was surprised at his own moderation.

Mr. John Rae's *Eight Hours for Work* (Macmillan & Co.) is a cautious and readable inquiry into the reasonableness of an eight-hours' working-day, towards which his conclusions are generally favourable. The material available for Mr. Rae's book was found to be unexpectedly copious, and its teaching "unexpectedly plain and uniform." Such is Mr. Rae's judgment on the evidence supplied by Messrs. Mather & Platt's experiment at Salford, and similar examples of the kind, recent and ancient. Mr. Rae is not afraid of the fresh vigour which an English eight-hours' day, as is feared by many, may supply to foreign competition. But with regard to the fond prediction of Mr. W. Abraham and others, that the adoption of eight hours will throw the labour market open to the unemployed, Mr. Rae shows that facts and figures are dead against the assumption. That "prevailing idea" is chimerical. Eight hours will not employ the unemployed, nor will it prevent wages falling, as the experience of Victoria proves.

Mr. J. Stephen Jeans, however, in his pamphlet *The Eight-Hours' Day in British Engineering Industries* (Ballantyne, Hanson, & Co.), deals with the Salford experiment in the light of past experience of a nine-hours' day, and arrives at conclusions precisely contrary to Mr. Rae's. Mr. Jeans addressed certain questions to engineering firms relative to their experience of the nine-hours' system, and received some fifty replies, all of which tend to show that the effects of reduced hours were contrary to the effects produced by the experiments of Messrs. Mather & Platt and Mr. Allan. From this it would seem that the recent experiments are not trustworthy as a standard test, and the deductions of the experimenters are misleading.

The publication of the first part of the first English edition of Professor Kerner's *Pflanzenleben*, the translation by Professor F. W. Oliver—*The Natural History of Plants* (Blackie & Son)—is an event of considerable importance to the many English readers to whom the German original may be inaccessible. Professor Kerner's work is deservedly held in high repute as a scientific treatise on the life-history of plants, their forms, growth, reproduction, and distribution; and it is certain that the handsome English form of the *Pflanzenleben*, which faithfully reproduces the text and extremely instructive and beautiful illustrations of the original, should be widely read both by students of botany and general readers.

Most readers will welcome the two volumes of Edward Fitzgerald's *Letters* (Macmillan & Co.) as a publication separated from the recently published *Letters and Literary Remains*, edited by Mr. W. Aldis Wright. We sympathize with the "generally expressed wish" that has led to this convenient and desirable reissue of these interesting letters. From Mr. Wright's preface we learn that a new collection of Fitzgerald's letters, addressed to his old friend Mrs. Kemble, will shortly be published by Messrs. Bentley. To the correspondence, in the present volumes, many additions are made, the letters here first printed comprising several to Mr. Cowell, Mrs. Charles Allen, Mrs. Charlesworth, and others, with a characteristic note from Carlyle, dealing with Spedding's *Bacon*, and recommending Fitzgerald to revisit Edinburgh and

worship Scott "as vastly superior to the common run of authors, and, indeed, grown an affectingly tragic man."

The various illustrated catalogues of the annual picture shows appear this season undiminished in form and number. Messrs. Chatto & Windus publish, as usual, the English edition of the excellent catalogue of the *Paris Salon* exhibition and that of the *Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts*, both fully represented by capital reproductions of drawings by the artists concerned. Mr. Henry Blackburn's popular handbook, *Academy Notes*, issued by the same publishers, is as good as heretofore, and already in a second edition. Messrs. Cassell's *Royal Academy Pictures*, to be completed in five parts, reproduces the leading works at Burlington House in admirable style, and on a more satisfactory scale than similar handbooks.

The new edition of the *Royal Blue Book*, which has just been issued by Messrs. Kelly & Co., shows this valuable and old-established "Fashionable Directory and Parliamentary Guide" as a model volume for reference, the ingenious "local arrangement," now a feature of the book, being as near perfection as plans can be. By this simple method those who consult the *Blue Book* can do so with despatch and confidence, whether they refer to the volume for purposes of correspondence or visiting or canvassing. The arrangement followed accords with the postal districts, and extremely useful assistance is afforded by the indication of numbers and the little diagrams of squares, &c.

Among recent issues of the new edition of the "Aldine" Poets published by Messrs. Bell & Sons we have *Akenside's Poetical Works* and *Beattie's Poetical Works*, each work in one volume, and edited by Dyce, with memoir and notes.

Woodstock, the latest issue of Mr. Nimmo's "Border" edition of Scott, is illustrated by some clever etchings by Mr. W. Hole. In the second volume, however, his Kerneguy hardly accords with the novelist's vigorous sketch. The writing of *Woodstock* was the turning-point in the Scott-Constable connexion. The novel was the last published as the work of the author of *Waverley*. Early in 1827 the "Great Unknown" publicly acknowledged his "bantlings" at the Theatrical Fund dinner in Edinburgh, and playfully described himself as the "Small Known." *Woodstock* was produced in circumstances that may well find the latter-day editor indisposed to searching criticism, especially of the kind that involves comparison with its greater companions. The spectacle of Scott struggling with mischance might move a less sympathetic editor than Mr. Andrew Lang. Begun in the height of his renown and fortune, *Woodstock* was completed when Scott had to face the sudden attack of active calamities. But though, as Mr. Lang says, the Magician had to do journeyman's work thenceforth, he had neither broken nor buried his wand, and the magic was still, in some sort, at command.

The Betrothed and *The Highland Widow* (A. & C. Black) form the corresponding issue of the "Dryburgh" edition, Mr. Chrystal Croftangry's personal history and *Chronicles of the Canonage* intervening. It is idle to speculate whether Scott's anticipation of the method of publication afterwards adopted by Dickens—fiction in "periodical" form—would have proved as successful as it was novel. The idea of a series of stories, under the control of some imaginary editor or narrator, Croftangry or another, has occurred to various writers. Perhaps Scott's public was not ripe for the short story. Dickens himself did not succeed in his attempt at a serial composed of connected short stories when he began to work the Weller tradition. But *The Highland Widow* was decidedly a strong opening for Scott's plan. Mr. G. C. Hindley's drawings for both stories are well conceived and full of spirit.

Mr. John Smith hopes that his *Monograph of the Stalactites and Stalagmites of the Cleaves Cove* (Elliot Stock) will fill a blank in literature. It certainly supplies us with 107 roughly drawn figures of these deposits, but it really adds little to our knowledge. The author does not refer to previous publications, not even to Professor Boyd Dawkins's well-known book on Caves and Cave-hunting, though several pages of the latter are devoted to stalactites and stalagmites. Nor does he mention the important memoir on travertine by Mr. W. H. Weed in the Ninth Annual Report of the U. S. Geological Survey. Beyond a vague reference to the possible action of coniform, he makes no efforts at investigating a subject which of late years has attracted much attention. He does not appear to have used the microscope for any purpose in his investigations. Mr. Smith's observations on the rate of growth of stalagmite—almost the only precise statement in his book—give a slower increase than most of those quoted by Professor Boyd Dawkins. The rate, however, is likely to vary in different localities, so that rather discordant results are probable. The book tells us little; perhaps the subject does

not promise much, but the author seems hardly to possess the equipment of a discoverer.

Other new editions we have received are Mr. Alfred Milner's *England in Egypt* (Arnold), fifth edition, with introductory note on "Egypt in 1894"; *The Silver Question and the Gold Question*, by Robert Barclay (Effingham Wilson & Co.), fourth edition, with a hopeful introduction on the prospects of bi-metallism; *A Sailor's Sweetheart*, by W. Clark Russell (Sampson Low & Co.); *Cheap-Jack Zita*, by S. Baring-Gould (Methuen & Co.); and *The Diary of a Nobody* (Bristol: Arrowsmith), by George Grossmith and Weedon Grossmith.

We have also received *The Amateur Telescopicist's Handbook*, by Frank M. Gibson (Longmans & Co.); *Practical Botany for Beginners*, by F. O. Boyer, F.R.S. (Macmillan & Co.); *The Seabury Centennial Commemoration, 1884*, by George Shea (Gay & Bird), a Memoir of the Commemoration Service, St. Paul's Cathedral, London, with other documents and appendices; *The Modern Régime*, Vol. II. (Sampson Low & Co.), a translation of M. Taine's *Origines de la France Contemporaine*, by John Durand; *The Evolution of Woman*, by Eliza Burt Gamble (Putnam's Sons); *Silver up to Date*, by J. W. Root (Philip & Son); *The Religion of Science*, by Dr. Paul Carus (Chicago: Open Court Co.; London: Watts & Co.); *Municipal Taxation at Home and Abroad*, by J. J. O'Meara (Cassell & Co.); *The Factory System and the Factory Acts*, by R. W. Cooke-Taylor (Methuen & Co.); *Simple Experiments for Science Teaching*, by John A. Bower (S. P. C. K.); *Sunday versus the Scottish (Puritan) Sabbath*, by "Delta" (Williams & Norgate); the *Eighth Annual Report of the Commission of Labour*, relative to Industrial Education in the United States and foreign countries (Washington: Government Office); and the "European edition" of the *Engineering Magazine*, No. 1, Vol. VII. (The Electrician Publishing Co.)

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, The College, Clifton, Bristol.

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Candidates are requested to send their Names, Addresses, and Certificates of Baptism, with Testimonials of Conduct and Character, on or before the 1st day of August, to C. G. SHAW, Esq., 26 Charles Street, St. James's, London, S.W. Candidates must be Members of the Church of England, Navies of Wales, or of one of the four Welsh Dioceses, under Twenty Years of Age upon the 1st day of October next, acquainted with the Welsh Language, and intending to become Candidates for Holy Orders.

The Candidates will be examined by the Rev. E. M. Roderick, M.A., late Scholar of Jesus College, Oxford, and E. E. Sikks, Esq., Fellow and Lecturer of St. John's College, Cambridge, in Welsh Reading, Composition, and Speaking; the Gospel according to St. Luke and the Acts of the Apostles in Greek; the Twenty-first and Twenty-second Books of the Iliad; the Sixth Book of Thucydides; Xenophon's Anabasis; Cicero de Officiis; the Ninth Book of the Eneid; and Latin Prose and Verse Composition.

Those who fall in Welsh will not be further examined.

The Exhibition will be tenable (during Residence) for four years, by an Exhibitioner who at the time of his Election is not legally a Member of either University, and will in his case date from Matriculation; and by an Exhibitioner who at the time of his Election is legally a Member of either University, till the close of the Term in which the Degree of Bachelor of Arts is due to the holder.

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The Saturday Review.

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